

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE ETHICS OF PUNISHMENT, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	387
II. SIR CHARLES DANVERS. Part V., . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	393
III. ISFAHAN TO BUSHIRE, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	402
IV. GIORDANO BRUNO AND NEW ITALY, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	419
V. STRANGE FOOD, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	427
VI. OLD VENICE, . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . .	433
VII. THE MARRIAGE OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR, . . .	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	438
VIII. PILGRIMS TO MECCA, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	442

## POETRY.

YOUNG WINDEBANK, . . .	386	TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD, . . .	386
JULY DAWN, . . .	386	TO NINA (IN JUNE), . . .	386

MISCELLANY, . . .	448
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## YOUNG WINDEBANK.

THEY shot young Windebank just here,  
By Merton, where the sun  
Strikes on the wall. 'Twas in a year  
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim  
He watched them dig his grave.  
Was this in truth the end for him,  
The well-beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,  
Set free to die that day,  
And free to speak once more the word  
That marshalled men obey.

But silent on the silent band  
That faced him stern as death,  
He looked and on the summer land  
And on the grave beneath.

Then with a sudden smile and proud  
He waved his plume and cried,  
"The king! the king!" and laughed aloud,  
"The king! the king!" and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell,  
And paid the barren cost  
Of having loved and served too well  
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause  
Went forth as martyrs must —  
The kings who make the spirit laws  
And rule us from the dust;

Whose wills, unshaken by the breath  
Of adverse fate, endure,  
To give us honor strong as death  
And loyal love as sure.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

## JULY DAWN.

THE night hardly covers the face of the sky;  
But the darkness is drawn  
A thin veil o'er the heaven, these nights in  
July —

A veil rent at dawn.

When with exquisite tremors the poplar leaves  
quiver,

And the breeze, like a kiss, passes over the  
river,

And the light in the east clearer grows,  
keener grows,

Till the edge of the cloud turns from pearl  
into rose,

And o'er the hill's shoulder, the night being  
past,

The sun peeps at last.

Come out! There's freshness that thrills like  
a song,

That soothes like a sleep;

There's the scent of wild thyme on wild airs  
borne along

Where the downs' slope grows steep,

There's such dew on the earth and such light  
in the heaven,  
Lost joys are forgotten, old wrongs are for-  
given,  
And the old earth looks new, and our hearts  
are new-born  
And stripped of the cereclothes which long  
they have worn,  
And hope and brave purpose awaken anew,  
'Mid the sunlight and dew!

Leisure Hour.

## TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

To the forgotten dead,  
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.  
To every fervent yet resolved heart  
That brought its tameless passion and its  
tears,  
Renunciation and laborious years,  
To lay the deep foundations of our race,  
To rear its stately fabric overhead  
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.  
To the unhonored dead!

To the forgotten dead,  
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to  
grasp the rein  
Of Fate and hurl into the void again  
Her thunder-hoofed horses, rushing blind  
Earthward along the courses of the wind.  
Among the stars, along the wind in vain  
Their souls were scattered and their blood was  
shed,

And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.

To the thrice-perished dead!

MARGARET L. WOODS.

## TO NINA (IN JUNE).

'Tis summer time, the year's at noon  
In this bright leafy month of June,  
But spring I see, methinks its grace  
I read in this fair maiden's face,  
So pure, so fresh, with limpid eyes  
As brown and clear as streams that rise  
In northern glens; her locks have caught  
The ruddy hue of pine-stems sought  
By merry squirrels in their play.

Oh, what recalls sweet spring to-day  
As this smooth brow with thoughts untold,  
Which later days shall all unfold,  
As these soft lips not yet compressed  
With hidden griefs? Her heart, at rest,  
Is like a quiet pool at dawn;  
She is in her shy grace a fawn,  
Unstartled yet by stranger's gaze  
It greets the world with glad amaze.

We who have felt life's dust and heat  
Are quick this breathing Spring to greet;  
As travellers tread with joy the grass,  
With eyes refreshed we onward pass.  
Academy. B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

# THE ETHICS OF PUNISHMENT.

I HAVE before me the latest contribution to the world's criminal jurisprudence: the recently enacted "Italian Penal Code," together with the elaborate report with which it was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies by Signor Zanardelli, the minister of grace, justice, and public worship of the Italian kingdom. These documents are for many reasons of great interest, and would well repay detailed examination. At present, however, I am concerned with them only from one point of view. The first question which a penal code suggests is, What is the *rationale* of punishment? That question Signor Zanardelli does not so much as discuss, deeming, apparently, that the matter is too plain. He contents himself with citing the dictum, "*Pœna in paucos ut metus in omnes*," observing by way of comment upon it, that "when the penalty surpasses the limit required by this necessary end of prevention, it becomes useless punishment." His mind is dominated by the utilitarian view of the subject; and so in another place in his report he lays it down as a kind of axiom, "The whole endeavor of the legislator, in the discipline and proportion of penalties, ought to aim at rendering them capable of greater repressive energy, and of more vigorous corrective effect, at the same time." Punishment should deter and correct, and so prevent crime. That, according to this jurisprudent, is the whole account of criminal justice. Is it a sufficient account?

A great number of people, I take it, will be surprised that the question can even be asked. It has never dawned upon them that there can be any other reasons for punishing a man, except to deter him, and by his example others, from the commission of crime, and, if possible, to reform him. And of these two reasons, the first would be taken to be the primary and chief. The great object of the penal law is held to be to deter from crime by presenting to men weightier motives for abstaining from it, than those which invite to its commission. Now I am far from denying that punishment is, and ought to be, deterrent;

and I concede that if it can be made remedial, so much the better, according to the inscription placed by Clement XI. on the door of the Prison of St. Michael, "*Parum est improbos coercere pœna, nisi probos efficias disciplina*." But I deny that this is a sufficient account of punishment. I say that its primary object is not the protection of society, nor the reformation of the criminal. I say that it is an end in itself; that it is first and before all things vindictive. I can well imagine how repulsive these words will sound in the ears of many. To me, that so elementary a truth should even require vindication is sad and strange indeed. It is a melancholy token how deeply the philosophy of relativity has de-ethicized the public mind of a generation,

wanting virtue to be strong

Up to the measure of accorded might,  
And daring not to feel the majesty of right.

But let us look at the subject a little in detail.

We will start from a fact which every one will admit: the fact that punishment is associated in our minds with wrongdoing. Is the association necessary or accidental? The philosophy of relativity says it is accidental. Thus Professor Bain tells us, "The imposition of punishment is the distinctive property of acts held to be morally wrong;" which is merely a more explicit statement of a doctrine of Mill's, and which indeed is substantially the teaching of utilitarian, experimental, and physical moralists generally. You make an act wrong, they tell us, by making it penal. It is not punished because it is wrong, but wrong because it is punished. Right and wrong, according to these teachers, are purely conventional. Moral laws are for them, as Mr. Leslie Stephen tersely puts it, "merely statements of essential conditions of social welfare," and ethical philosophy is a chapter in physics. Hence their idea of law is purely empirical. Force sufficiently explains it. Do we put in a plea for conscience? "Conscience," Mr. Leslie Stephen pronounces, "is part of an obsolete form of speculation." And if that contemptuous dismissal of it does not satisfy us, Professor Bain is at hand to

explain that its "germ and commencement" — mark the words — "is the dread of punishment." Now what are we to say to the doctrine which I have thus briefly but accurately unfolded? I take leave to call it a "*doctrina dæmoniorum*," as de-throning that supreme law which is the very voice of the Absolute and Eternal ("God is law, say the wise"): atheistic in the worst sense of the word, as striking, not at this or that formula wherein the belief in Deity has found expression, but at the very root of morality which issues in the divine concept. In opposition to it — even at the risk of appearing "antiquated" to Mr. Stephen — I maintain with Kant, that the connection between moral evil and punishment is not accidental, but necessary; that it is the work of reason, not of human caprice. "*Reason*," Kant tells us, "invariably attaches the idea of blameworthiness and punishment to the idea of guilt." We will pursue this theme further.

What do we mean when we talk of the moral law? We mean, I venture to say, that rule of action which necessarily arises out of the relation of reason to itself as its own end. This is a necessity of a quite unique kind. The word is sometimes misapplied to the regular sequence or uniform movements of matter, the simultaneity of sensible events. It is rightly used of mathematical relations. But mathematical necessity is one thing; moral necessity is quite another. The special characteristic of moral necessity is denoted by the word "ought." It is nonsense to say that two sides of a triangle ought to be greater than the third, or that two and two ought to make four. The necessity which the word "ought" expresses is derived from a law of ideal relation, obligatory on our wills. Nor can you derive that necessity from self-love, or prudence, or interest, tribal or personal. It is absurd to say that a man *ought* to seek "agreeable feeling." Expedience, utility, can but counsel. The moral law commands. It claims obedience as a thing absolutely good, as an end in itself; and by that very claim it exhibits itself as transcending the range of human experience, as universal, eternal, supreme over

"all thinking things, the objects of all thought." Of this law the organon is the practical reason, the moral understanding, conscience. "Law rational," says Hooker, "which men commonly use to call the law of nature, comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or leastwise may know, to be be-seeming or unbecoming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do. The several grand mandates, which being imposed by the understanding faculty of men, must be obeyed by the will of men, are such that it is not easy to find men ignorant of them." Are we here met with an objection that as a matter of fact the moral judgments, which have obtained among men, are diverse and irreconcilable? The objection is not a novel one, and, as Hooker goes on to observe, it was sufficiently met by St. Augustine a thousand years ago. Do as thou wouldst be done to, is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon, and here is a sufficient germ for a complete ethical code. The sense of duty is a form of the mind itself, although it may be said to exist as "a blank formula," which is filled up in a variety of ways. "The altruistic instinct," as the barbarous jargon of the day calls it, is as much a fact of human nature as "the egoistic instinct." The sense of duty is universal; it is an essential attribute of our nature, inseparable from the consciousness of self and non-self; not a complete revelation, but the revelation of an idea, bound to develop according to its laws, like the idea, say of geometry. The ethical ignorance of barbarous tribes is no more an argument against the moral law, than their ignorance of the complex and recondite properties of lines and figures is an argument against geometrical law. It is the function of reason, here as elsewhere, to evolve abstract truths from the complex and chaotic mass of appearances and events. Human history is the history of the education of conscience, of the ever-increasing apprehension of the moral law, of the widening of the circle of ethical obligation.

I hold, then, that the first fact about man is his consciousness of the moral law, and



of his obligation to obey it. But the very words "law" and "obligation" imply a penal sanction. The categorical imperative "Thou oughtst" does not, and cannot mean, "Thou mayst if thou wilt, and if thou dost not, thou wilt be none the worse." What it does mean is this: "That is right; it *should* be; it is unconditionally desirable; thou canst do it, and thou must; thus dictates the law of thy being, the law that thou art born under, which it is thy great good to obey, thy supreme evil to disobey." Such is the witness in ourselves. And its testimony is supremely rational. "Good doth follow unto all things by observing the course of their nature, and, on the contrary side, evil by not observing it. And is it possible that man being not only the noblest creature in the world, but even a world in himself, his transgressing the law of his nature should draw no manner of harm after it? Yes: tribulation and anguish unto every soul that doeth evil." So Hooker, who never wrote more judiciously. His argument does but formally justify an universal, ineradicable feeling of humanity. The deep conviction that in moral evil must be sought the explanation of physical evil, is the common heritage of our race. That there is an inseparable connection between wrong-doing and punishment, is an organic instinct of conscience. And instinct—we may call it, with Kant, the voice of God—never deceives. There is always a reality which corresponds with its anticipation. What answers to the instinct of retributive justice is punishment. It is as real as the law. It is contained in the law. It is involved in the transgression. It is, in Hegel's phrase, "the other half of crime." Let us realize this. Punishment is not something arbitrary. Wrong-doing—called, variously, according to the point of view from which it is regarded, sin, crime, delict—is the assertion of a man's own particular self-will against the universal will, which is supreme reason, supreme right—for reason and right are synonymous. Penalty is the reassertion of the universal will. It is not a wrong done to the criminal. It is a right done to him to redress his wrong. It is a manifestation, an applica-

tion, to him of that reason wherein he too consists, and which he has outraged. His compulsion is undone. He is restored to his right. The moral law must rule over all; over the good by their submission to its behests, over the evil by their endurance of its penalties. Justice is an absolute and aboriginal principle of it. And justice is well defined by the Roman jurispudent as "the constant and perpetual will to render to every man his right." Punishment is the right of the wrong-doer. It is the application of justice to him. "It is," in St. Augustine's fine phrase, "the justice of the unjust." The wrong whereby he has transgressed the law of right has incurred a debt. Justice requires that the debt must be paid, that the wrong must be expiated.

Yes, *expiated*. This is the first object of punishment — to make satisfaction to outraged law. Nothing is more profoundly unphilosophical than the notion so dear to the sickly sentimentality of the day, that when a man ceases to do evil, a sponge is passed, so to speak, over the reckoning against him.

A spotless child sleeps on the flowering moss —  
'Tis well for him; but when a sinful man,  
Envyng such slumber, may desire to put  
His guilt away, shall he return at once  
To rest by lying there? Our sires knew well  
The fitting course for such; dark cells, dim  
lamps,

A stone floor one may writhe on like a worm;  
No mossy pillow blue with violets!

Profoundly true are these verses of the most profound of living poets. Similar is the teaching of Plato in the "Gorgias," so strangely misapprehended by some of his modern interpreters, who have read him with the eyes of a nineteenth-century greengrocer. "The doer of unjust actions is miserable in any case; more miserable, however, if he be not punished and does not meet with retribution, and less miserable if he be punished, and meets with retribution at the hands of gods and men." The whole argument of Socrates in this famous passage is founded on the need of expiation: "The greatest of evils," he insists, "is for a guilty man to escape punishment." For "he who is punished and suffers retribution, suffers justly; and jus.

tice is good; so that he who thus suffers, suffers what is good." St. Augustine has summed it up in four pregnant words: "Nulla pœna, quanta pœna!"

Such is the moral law, and such its sanction. Kant finds in it a natural revelation of pure theism. Tied down to the phenomenal world, as he esteems, on all sides of our being, by the very conditions of knowledge, we have here a way of escape into the noumenal. He judges that the realization of the highest good which the moral law, the practical reason, prescribes, implies an order above that of nature. There *must* be, he argues, a life beyond the phenomenal, where the triumph of the moral law shall be assured, where its rewards and penalties shall be adequately realized; there *must* be a supreme moral Governor, who will bring about that triumph. Thus the speculative ideas of God and immortality are practically warranted. And here is the crown of that ethical teleology, as which we must reckon the philosophical system of this illustrious thinker, viewed as a whole. But in the moral law Kant finds not only the promise of the life which is to come, but also of that which now is. It is the great fundamental fact, not only of individual existence, but of the social order. It is the supreme rule alike of private and public action; the sun of righteousness illuminating the world of rational being, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. For the great thinkers of the ancient world all duties — *officia* — were included in ethics; jurisprudence was a part of moral philosophy. The masters of the mediæval school judged likewise. It is from the time of the Renaissance that we may trace the de-ethicizing of public life. Dr. Martineau has correctly observed that by Luther morals were treated "as matters of social police." Our modern utilitarianism is the logical outcome of his antinomianism. Kant, who had drunk so deeply of those

Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools

Of Academics, and the Stoic severe,

has again pointed the world to a more excellent way. He deduces the institution of the State from the categorical imperative of duty. It is for him essentially an ethical society, rooted and grounded in the moral law. Its very foundation is the rational acknowledgment that there are eternal, immutable principles, and rules, of right and wrong. This is the everlasting adamant, upon which alone the social

edifice can be surely established. Rear it upon any other foundation, and you do but build upon sand. However fair the structure may seem, fall it must, and great will be the fall of it.

Here, then, in universal reason, finding expression as the moral law, is the very *raison d'être* of government. Man, as man, has no claim upon my obedience. Only to the law of right, speaking through human ministers, is that obedience due. Man is social *quâ* rational. He is gregarious and something more; he is a political animal; civil polity is his natural state. And here is to be found the underlying principle which makes human justice just. The moral law apprehended, *not made*, by our practical reason, implies that right is rewarded and wrong punished. That, as we have seen, is involved in the very conception of law. Criminal jurisprudence is simply a moral judgment exhibited in visible form. Thus Aquinas, with his usual clearness and precision: "The law of nature" — that is the law arising from that divine reason which is the nature of things — "proclaims that he who offends should be punished. But to define that this or that punishment should be inflicted upon him, is a determination drawn from the law of nature by human law." And so Butler: "Civil government being natural, the punishments of it are natural too."

This is the true philosophy of criminal law. In matter of fact, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, two great instincts lie at the root of it: to avenge and to deter. Both are reasonable and right. Resentment at wrong, desire of retribution upon the wrong-doer, are primordial principles as deeply implanted in our nature as pity or desire of self-preservation — implanted by the same Almighty hand, and as legitimate, nay, necessary. They are organic instincts, which we possess in common with the whole creation, groaning and travailing in pain together with us, in the struggle for existence, throughout nature's illimitable sphere of carnage and cruelty. But it is an essential condition of civilized human life that individual retaliation, sure to be passionate and excessive, should be superseded by the passionless punishment of law. The primitive rule was the *lex talionis*. It was said by them of old time, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. And this was said, St. Augustine well points out, not to foster revenge, but to check it. The natural tendency of the injured person is to do unto the offender as he has been done unto,

*and more also.* But, as St. Augustine goes on to remark, there is a vengeance which is just: "est quædam justa vindicta." Nor, let me observe in passing — to meet an obvious objection — is this just vengeance at variance with the spirit of Christianity. If ever any man had a right authoritatively to expound that spirit, it was the illustrious saint and doctor whom I have just quoted. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount as to the non-resistance of evil, as to the turning of the left cheek to the smiter of the right, naturally occur to the mind. I am far from saying that those elect souls who embrace counsels of perfection — who in voluntary poverty, voluntary chastity, and voluntary obedience lose their lives, and find them — may not give to these precepts literal obedience, if they are led to do so. But St. Augustine points out that the words of the divine Master have reference rather to "the preparation of the heart," to the inward spirit of man, than to the outward act. The supreme rule is to return good for evil. Unwillingness to inflict pain may be a flagrant violation of that rule. The greatest good which can be rendered to the unjust is justice. Charity strictly requires us to render it. The principle of the *lex talionis* is justice, retributive justice. That principle is everlastingly true, even if, in our deeper apprehension of the sacredness of human personality, we put aside the cruder applications given to it by primitive jurisprudence. We no longer mutilate the thief, although there are cases in which it might, at first sight, seem not improper so to do. I remember one such in my experience as a magistrate in India. A man had cut off the two hands of a boy, three or four years old, in order to possess himself of the silver bangles which were soldered round the child's wrists. And when the poor little sufferer was brought into court, and held up his mutilated arms, and a thrill of sick horror ran through the building, I confess I for one regretted bitterly, for a moment, that the archaic rule could not be applied, at least in that case. Penal servitude for life seemed inadequate; and was. Pain, sharp pain, sharp and repeated, would assuredly have been a more fitting penalty. Unquestionably, in the existing criminal jurisprudence of the world, the element of physical suffering does not find sufficient place. There is a large class of crimes — assaults, especially of a lascivious character, upon women and children, and aggravated cruelty to animals, are instances of them — in the punishment of

which a liberal employment of the lash, or of some other instrument of corporal torture, is imperatively demanded by justice.

This by the way. My present point is, that whether we view the matter historically or philosophically, the punishment inflicted by human jurisprudence is, like all punishment, primarily vindictive. It is the legal consequence united by a necessity arising from the nature of things to the legal cause. Crime, as the old Roman jurisconsults discerned, gives rise to a *vinculum juris* which punishment discharges. The *raison d'être* of the State is to unite men by a moral bond. And assuredly, in its highest function, the ministration of justice, it is not unmoral. The civil magistrate is the dispenser of righteous retribution, as the minister of God; "a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," St. Paul teaches; the "wrath" being that which is *due* to the wrong-doer. "Punishment as actual pain or evil, added to the offender, must be justified *as such*," says Kant, "so as to constrain even the guilty to acknowledge that the severity is just, and that his own lot corresponds with his deserts." The moral law, whether speaking through the still, small voice within, or with the tongue of a judge from an external tribunal, merely shows to us our true selves, as Hamlet showed the unhappy Gertrude to herself. It mirrors us to consciousness. Punishment is the return of a man's deed upon himself. "Illo nocens se damnat quo peccat die," says the maxim of Roman jurisprudence. And again: "Ipse te pœnæ subdidisti." The magistrate does but pronounce the doom to which the wrong-doer has subjected himself by his own deed; the penalty which, by the eternal law of right, whence human law derives its majesty, nay, its very life, is the necessary complement of his crime.

The world's jurisprudence is the phenomenal expression of noumenal truth; the human interpretation of a divine ideal; imperfect at the best, but bound, as "the thoughts of men are widened," ever to approximate more nearly to that absolute standard of which it must ever fall short. It rests in the last resort upon that knowledge of right and wrong in the springs of action which is possessed by our self-judging moral understanding. It rests — the word may perhaps survive Mr. Leslie Stephen's arrogant anathema — upon *conscience*: the voice of divine reason within us. The whole philosophy of relativity is, in the sphere of ethics as elsewhere, a

blasphemy against reason. It is an attempt to derive morality from the unmoral. If our actions are the necessary outcome of molecular changes in the brain, of atomic movements of matter, it is an absurdity to talk of moral responsibility. If the difference between good and bad is not absolute, it does not exist at all. You cannot get such a difference from the consequences. All materialistic explanations of moral approval and disapproval, of guilt, self-accusation, remorse, destroy the reality of them. Yes; and destroy the whole value of life, for the whole value of life is its ethical value. If righteousness is not the supreme law, existence is indeed a ridiculous tragedy. "If the rulers of the universe do not prefer the just man to the unjust," said Socrates, "it is better to die than to live." The philosophy of Bentham, of Mr. Herbert Spencer, of Mr. Leslie Stephen, reduces man from a person to a thing; for it denies to him that faculty of volition which is the essence of his personality; the condition of the attribute constituting him man. Volition and morality are indissolubly connected; their realm is one and the same. Man is volitional and ethical *quod* man. The conception of him as a machine is irrational. *L'homme-machine*, I say, is nonsense, worthy of the buffoon who invented the phrase.

Moral action means the action of a self-conscious and self-determined being, and can mean nothing else. Kant has summed the matter up in a few pregnant words: "Everything in nature acts according to laws: the distinction of a rational being is the faculty of acting according to the consciousness of laws." The supreme question at issue in the world of thought, in these days, is whether that faculty really exists. I say advisedly "the supreme question." The very existence of morality depends upon it. For a plain man, Dr. Johnson's rough-and-ready way of settling it may well suffice: "Sir, we *know* that our will is free, and there's an end of it." But that the speculative difficulties which may be raised concerning this question are enormous, every tyro in philosophy is aware. To enter into a detailed discussion of it here would be impossible. Its substance, however, may be, and ought to be, briefly indicated. For a statement of the creed of determinism we cannot do better than go to the late Mr. John Stuart Mill. In his criticism of Sir William Hamilton he pronounces it "a truth of experience that volitions do in fact follow determined

moral antecedents with the *same uniformity* and the *same certainty* as physical effects follow their physical causes." And in the second volume of his "Logic" he writes as follows: "The doctrine called philosophical necessity is simply this: given the motives present to an individual's mind, and given likewise the character and disposition of the individual, the manner in which he will act may be unerringly inferred; that if we knew the person thoroughly, and knew all the inducements which are acting on him, we could foretell his conduct with as much certainty as we can predict any physical event." Now if this doctrine be true, it is obvious that there is no place in human life for culpability and moral turpitude, in the old and only intelligible sense of the words. If a man's actions are absolutely determined by character and disposition, which Mr. Mill regarded as the outcome of heredity and environment, and by the pressure of passions and desires, then most assuredly he is not morally responsible for those actions. And those miserable people, of whom Dante tells us in the "Inferno," are fully warranted when they blame, as the cause of their sufferings, everything except their abuse of their free personality; their own bad will; "when they blaspheme God and their progenitors and the whole race of men, the place, the time, the origin of their seed and of their birth." But no. It is not so. Man *is* responsible for the regulation of his passions, and for the course which the formation of his character takes. Side by side with mechanical determination by empirical motives, there exists in him self-determination. He belongs — consciously belongs — to the sphere of reason as well as to the sphere of sense. And therefore he is the subject of moral obligation. He is not the mere creature of circumstances, the predestined product of nature. We may, in a sense, admit that the character of a man at any moment determines his choice of motives. But his character is more or less of his own making. The soul has an originating causality, and is the fount of duties and deserts, of guilt and punishment. The character is the man; but he is determined as he determines himself. A man's character, I say, is not something imposed upon him from without, but something shaped by himself from within. He is, according to a wise Spanish proverb, "the son of his own deeds." It is the teaching of Aristotle — and by no means "antiquated," although two thousand years old

—that the rational nature supplies the rule of life, and that the law of habit provides for the attainment of facility in doing what reason requires. But habit is the outcome of volition; and for the freedom of man's volition it is enough to appeal—this is the justification of Dr. Johnson's dictum—to the categorical imperative of conscience. "I ought" implies "I can." The realization of duty is impossible for any being which is not cogitated as capable of self-determination. The speculative idea of freedom, like the speculative ideas of God and immortality, is practically warranted.

When, then, we affirm human freedom of action, we mean by it, action from a motive intelligible to, and chosen by, a self-conscious moral being. A deed may be morally necessitated, and morally free. The self-surrender of the good will to the ethical law, which is reason, is the supreme manifestation of liberty. A man's true freedom is to keep in subjection the lower self, the self of the animal nature, and to conform his will to the higher, the rational self; to rise from the subjective to the objective. From this power of the will springs that moral responsibility which supplies the *rationale* of human justice, and warrants its solemn ceremonial. This it is which compels us to account of duty as something more than self-interest; of guilt as something more than disease; of retribution as something more than discipline. This it is which alone gives meaning and dignity to collective as to individual human life. Without it—

The great events with which old story rings  
Seem vain and hollow: I find nothing great,  
Nothing is left which I can venerate.

The whole doctrine of the philosophy of relativity is, I repeat, a gross outrage upon human reason. It is—what Mr. Carlyle called it, with exact descriptiveness—"pig philosophy." Man may for a time wallow among its troughs. But, assuredly, for a time only. When he comes to himself, he will loathe the ignoble surfeit of its husks in indignant emptiness. "*Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt iustitiam, quia ipsi saturabuntur.*" Yes, this is man's blessedness, "to hunger and thirst after justice." But justice is volitional, not abdominal. "A good will is the only thing which an unsophisticated man finds of absolute value in the world." And a good will is a will self-determined by the moral law.

W. S. LILLY.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

#### CHAPTER X.

"My dear," said Mrs. Alwynn to her husband that morning, as they started for church across the glebe, "if any of the Atherstone party are in church, as they ought to be, for I hear from Mrs. Smith that they are not at all regular at Greenacre—only went once last Sunday, and then late—I shall just tell Ruth that she is to come back to me to-morrow. A few days won't make any difference to her, and it will fit in so nicely her coming back the day you go to the palace. After all I've done for Ruth, new curtains to her room, and the piano tuned and everything, I don't think she would like to stay there with friends, and me all by myself, without a creature to speak to. Ruth may be only a niece by marriage, but she will see in a moment——"

And in fact she did. When Mrs. Alwynn took her aside after church, and explained the case in the all-pervading whisper for which she had apparently taken out a patent, Ruth could not grasp any reason why she should return to Slumberleigh three days before the time, but she saw at once that return she must if Mrs. Alwynn chose to demand it; and so she yielded with a good grace, and sent Mrs. Alwynn back smiling to the lychgate, where Mr. Alwynn and Mabel Thursby were talking with Dare and Molly, while Charles interviewed the village policeman at a little distance.

"No news of the tramp," said Charles, meeting Ruth at the gate; and they started homewards in different order from that in which they had come, in spite of a great effort at the last moment on the part of Dare, who thought the old way was better. "The policeman has seen nothing of him. He has gone off to pastures new, I expect."

"I hope he has."

"Mrs. Alwynn does not want you to leave Atherstone to-morrow, does she?"

"I am sorry to say she does."

"But you won't go?"

"I must not only go, but I must do it as if I liked it."

"I hope Evelyn won't allow it."

"While I am living with Mrs. Alwynn, I am bound to do what she likes in small things."

"H'm!"

"I should have thought, Sir Charles, that this particularly feminine and submis-



sive sentiment would have met with your approval."

"It does; it does," said Charles hastily. "Only, after the stubborn rigidity of your—shall I say your—week-day character, especially as regards money, this softened Sabbath mood took me by surprise for a moment."

"You should see me at Slumberleigh," said Ruth, with a smile half sad, half humorous. "You should see me tying up Uncle John's flowers, or holding Aunt Fanny's wools. Nothing more entirely feminine and young-ladylike can be imagined."

"It must be a great change, after living with a woman like Lady Deyncourt—to whose house I often went years ago, when her son was living—to come to a place like Slumberleigh."

"It is a great change. I am ashamed to say how much I felt it at first. I don't know how to express it; but everything down here seems so small and local, and hard and fast."

"I know," said Charles gently; and they walked on in silence. "And yet," he said at last, "it seems to me, and I should have thought you would have felt the same, that life is very small, very narrow and circumscribed everywhere; though perhaps more obviously so in Cranfords and Slumberleighs. I have seen a good deal during the last fifteen years. I have mixed with many sorts and conditions of men, but in no class or grade of society have I yet found independent men and women. The groove is as narrow in one class as in another, though in some it is better concealed. I sometimes feel as if I were walking in a ball-room full of people all dancing the lancers. There are different sets of course—fashionable, political, artistic—but the people in them are all crossing over, all advancing and retiring, with the same apparent aimlessness, or setting to partners."

"There is occasionally an aim in that."

Charles smiled grimly.

"They follow the music in that as in everything else. You go away for ten years, and still find them on your return, going through the same figures to new tunes. I wonder if there are any people anywhere in the world who stand on their own feet, and think and act for themselves; who don't set their watches by other people's; who don't live and marry and die by rote, expecting to go straight up to heaven by rote afterwards."

"I believe there are such people," said Ruth earnestly; "I have had glimpses of

them, but the real ones look like the shadows, and the shadows like the real ones, and—we miss them in the crowd."

"Or one thinks one finds them, and they turn out only clever imitations after all. In these days there is a mania for shamming originality of some kind. I am always imagining people I meet are real, and not shadows, until one day I unintentionally put my hand through them, and find out my mistake. I am getting tired of being taken in."

"And some day you will get tired of being cynical."

"I am very much obliged to you for your hopeful view of my future. You evidently imagine that I have gone in for the fashionable creed of the young man of the present day. I am not young enough to take pleasure in high collars and cheap cynicism, Miss Deyncourt. Cynical people are never disappointed in others, as I so often am, because they expect the worst. In theory I respect and admire my fellow-creatures, but they continually exasperate me because they won't allow me to do so in real life. I have still—I blush to own it—a lingering respect for women, though they have taken pains to show me, time after time, what a fool I am for such a weakness."

Charles looked intently at Ruth. Women are so terribly apt in handling any subject to make it personal. Would she fire up, or would she, like so many women, join in abuse of her own sex? She did neither. She was looking straight in front of her, absently watching the figures of Dare and Molly in the next field. Then she turned her grave, thoughtful glance towards him.

"I think respect is never weakness," she said. "It is a sign of strength, even when it is misplaced. There is not much to admire in cunning people who are never taken in. The best people I have known, the people whom it did me good to be with, have been those who respected others and themselves. Do not be in too great a hurry to get rid of any little fragment that still remains. You may want it when it is gone."

Charles's apathetic face had become strangely earnest. There was a keen, searching look in his tired, restless eyes. He was about to make some answer, when he suddenly became aware of Dare and Molly sitting perched on a gate close at hand waiting for them. Never had he perceived Molly's little brown face with less pleasure than at that moment. She scrambled down with a noble disregard of appearances, and tried to take his hand.



But it was coolly withdrawn. Charles fell behind on some pretence of fastening the gate, and Molly had to content herself with Ruth's and Dare's society for the remainder of the walk.

Ruth had almost forgotten, until Molly suggested at luncheon a picnic for the following day, that she was returning to Slumberleigh on Monday morning; and when she made the fact known, Ralph had to be "hushed" several times by Evelyn for muttering opinions behind the sirloin respecting Mrs. Alwynn, which Evelyn seemed to have heard before, and to consider unsuited to the ears of that lady's niece.

"But if you go away, Cousin Ruth, we can't have the picnic? Can we, Uncle Charles?"

"Impossible, Molly. Rather bread-and-butter at home, than a mixed biscuit in the open air without Miss Deyncourt."

"Is Mrs. Alwynn suffering?" asked Lady Mary politely down the table.

Ruth explained that she was not in ill health, but that she did not wish to be left alone; and Ralph was "hushed" again.

Lady Mary was annoyed, or more properly speaking, she was "moved in the spirit," which in a Churchwoman seems to be the same thing as annoyance in the unregenerate or unorthodox mind. She regretted Ruth's departure more than any one, except perhaps Ruth herself. She had watched the girl very narrowly, and she had seen nothing to make her alter the opinion she had formed of her; indeed, she was inclined to advance beyond it. Even she could not suspect that Ruth had "played her cards well;" although she would have aided and abetted her in any way in her power, if Ruth had shown the slightest consciousness of holding cards at all, or being desirous of playing them. Her frank yet reserved manner, her distinguished appearance, her sense of humor (which Lady Mary did not understand, but which she perceived others did), and the quiet *savoir faire* of her treatment of Dare's advances, all enhanced her greatly in the eyes of her would-be aunt. She bade her good-bye with genuine regret; the only person who bore her departure without a shade of compunction being Dare, who stood by the carriage till the last moment, assuring Ruth that he hoped to come over to the rectory very shortly; while Charles and Molly held the gate open meanwhile, at the end of the short drive.

"I know that Frenchman means business," said Lady Mary wrathfully to her-

self, as she watched the scene from the garden. Her mind, from the very severity of its tension, was liable to occasional lapses of this painful kind from the spiritual and ecclesiastical to the mundane and transitory. "I saw it directly he came into the house; and with *his* opportunities, and living within a stone's throw, I should not wonder if he were to succeed. Any man would fetch a fancy price at Slumberleigh; and the most fastidious woman in the world ceases to be critical if she is reduced to the proper state of dullness. He is handsome, too, in his foreign way. But she does not like him now. She is inclined to like Charles, though she does not know it. There is an attraction between the two. I knew there would be. And he likes her. Oh, what fools men are! He will go away; and Dare, on the contrary, will ride over to Slumberleigh every day, and by the time he is engaged to her Charles will see her again, and find out that he is in love with her himself. Oh, the folly, the density, of unmarried men! and, indeed" (with a sudden recollection of the deceased Mr. Cunningham) "of the whole race of them! But of all men I have ever known, I really think the most provoking is Charles."

"Musing?" inquired her nephew, sauntering up to her.

"I was thinking that we had just lost the pleasantest person of our little party," said Lady Mary, viciously seizing up her work.

"I am still here," suggested Charles, by way of consolation. "I don't start for Norway in Wyndham's yacht for three days to come."

"Do you mean to say you are going to Norway?"

"I forget whether it was to be Norway; but I know I'm booked to go yachting somewhere. It's Wyndham's new toy. He paid through the parental nose for it, and he made me promise in London to go with him on his first cruise. I believe a very charming Miss Wyndham is to be of the party."

"And how long, pray, are you going to yacht with Miss Wyndham?"

"It is with her brother I propose to go. I thought I had explained that before. I shall probably cruise about, let me see, for three weeks or so, till the grouse-shooting begins. Then I am due in Scotland, at the Hope Actons, and several other places."

Lady Mary laid down her work, and rose to her feet, her thin hand closing tightly over the silver crook of her stick.

"Charles," she said, in a voice trembling with anger, looking him full in the face, "you are a fool!" and she passed him without another word, and hobbled away rapidly into the house.

"Am I?" said Charles, half aloud to himself, when the last fold of her garment had been twitched out of sight through the window.

"Am I? Molly," with great gravity, as Molly appeared, "yes, you may sit on my knee; but don't wriggle. Molly, what is a fool?"

"I think it's Raca, only worse," said Molly. "Uncle Charles, Mr. Dare is going away too. His dog-cart has just come into the yard."

"Has it? I hope he won't keep it waiting."

"You are not going away, are you?"

"Not for three days more."

"Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Why, they will be gone in a moment."

But to Charles they seemed three very long days indeed. He was annoyed with himself for having made so many engagements before he left London. At the time there did not seem anything better to be done, and he supposed he must go somewhere; but now he thought he would have liked to stay on at Atherstone, though he would not have said so to Lady Mary for worlds. He was tired of rushing up and down. He was not so fond of yachting, after all; and he remembered that he had been many times to Norway.

"I would get out of it, if I could," he said to Lady Mary on the last morning; "and of this blue serge suit too (you should see Miss Wyndham in blue serge!); but it is not a question of pleasure, but of principle. I don't like to throw over Wyndham at the last moment, after what you said when I failed the Hope Actons last year. Twins could not feel more exactly together than you and I do where a principle is involved. I see you are about to advise me to keep my engagement. Do not trouble to do so, I am going to Portsmouth by the midday train. Brown is at this moment packing my telescope and life-belt."

#### CHAPTER XI.

It was the end of August. The little lawn at Slumberleigh Rectory was parched and brown. The glebe beyond was brown. So was the field beyond that. The thirsty road was ash-white between its grey hedges. It was hotter in the open air than in the house, but Ruth had brought her books out into the garden all the same,

and had made a conscientious effort to read under the chestnut-tree.

For under the same roof with Mrs. Alwynn she had soon learned that application or study of any kind was an impossibility. Mrs. Alwynn had several maxims as to the conduct of herself, and consequently of every one else, and one of those to which she most frequently gave utterance was that "young people should always be cheery and sociable, and should not be left too much to themselves."

When in the winter Mr. Alwynn had brought home Ruth, quite overwhelmed for the time by the shock of the first real trouble she had known, Mrs. Alwynn was kindness itself in the way of sweetbreads and warm rooms; but the only thing Ruth craved for, to be left alone, she would not allow for a moment. No! Mrs. Alwynn was cheerful, brisk, and pious, at intervals. If she found her niece was sitting in her own room, she bustled up-stairs, poked the fire, gave her a kiss, and finally brought her down to the drawing-room, where she told her she would be as quiet as in her own room. She need not be afraid her uncle would come in; and she must not allow herself to get moped. What would she, Mrs. Alwynn, have done, she would like to know, if, when she was in trouble — and she knew what trouble meant, if any one did — she had allowed herself to get moped? Ruth must try to bear up. And at Lady Deyncourt's age it was quite to be expected. And Ruth must remember she still had a sister, and that there was a happy home above. And now, if she would get that green wool out of the red plush iron (which really was a work-box — such a droll idea, wasn't it?), Ruth should hold the wool, and they would have a cosy little chat till luncheon-time.

And so Mrs. Alwynn did her duty by her niece; and Ruth, in the dark days that followed her grandmother's death, took all the little kindnesses in the spirit in which they were meant, and did her duty by her aunt.

But after a time Mrs. Alwynn became more exacting. Ruth was visibly recovering from what Mrs. Alwynn called "her bereavement." She could smile again without an effort; she took long walks with Mr. Alwynn, and later in the spring paid a visit to her uncle, Lord Polesworth. It was after this visit that Mrs. Alwynn became more exacting. She had borne with half-attention and a lack of interest in crewel-work while Ruth was still "fret-

ting," as she termed it. But when a person lays aside crape, and goes into half-mourning, the time has come when she may—nay, when she ought to be "chatty." This time had come with Ruth, but she was not "chatty." Like Mrs. Dombey, she did not make an effort, and as the months passed on, Mrs. Alwynn began to shake her head, and to fear that "there was some officer or something on her mind." Mrs. Alwynn always called soldiers officers, and doctors physicians.

Ruth on her side was vaguely aware that she did not give satisfaction. The small talk, the perpetual demand on her attention, the constant interruptions, seemed to benumb what faculties she had. Her mind became like a machine out of work—rusty, creaking, difficult to set going. If she had half an hour of leisure she could not fix her attention to anything. She, who in her grandmother's time had been so keen and alert, seemed to have drifted, in Mrs. Alwynn's society, into a torpid state, from which she made vain attempts to emerge, only to sink the deeper.

When she stood once more, fresh from a fortnight of pleasant intercourse with pleasant people, in the little ornate drawing-room at Slumberleigh, on her return from Atherstone, the remembrance of the dulled, confused state in which she had been living with her aunt returned forcibly to her mind. The various articles of furniture, the red silk handkerchiefs dabbed behind pendent plates, the musical elephants on the mantel-piece, the imitation Eastern antimacassars, the shocking fate in the way of nailed and glued pictorial ornamentation that had overtaken the back of the cottage piano—indeed all the various objects of luxury and *vertu* with which Mrs. Alwynn had surrounded herself, seemed to recall to Ruth, as the apparatus of the sick room recalls the illness to the patient, the stupor into which she had fallen in their company. With her eyes fixed upon the new brass pig (that was at heart a pen-wiper) which Mrs. Alwynn had pointed out, as a gift of Mabel Thursby, who always brought her back some little "tasty thing from London"—with her eyes on the brass pig, Ruth resolved that, come what would, she would not allow herself to sink into such a state of mental paralysis again.

To read a book of any description was out of the question in the society of Mrs. Alwynn. But Ruth, with the connivance of Mr. Alwynn, devised a means of elud-

ing her aunt. At certain hours in the day she was lost regularly, and not to be found. It was summer, and the world, or at least the neighborhood of Slumberleigh Rectory, which was the same thing, was all before her where to choose. In after-years she used to say that some books had always remained associated with certain places in her mind. With Emerson she learned to associate the scent of hay, the desultory remarks of hens, and the sudden choruses of ducks. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which she read for the first time this year, always recalled to her afterwards the leathern odor of the box-room, with an occasional *souffçon* of damp flapping linen in the orchard, which spot was not visible from the rectory windows.

Gradually Mrs. Alwynn became aware of the fact that Ruth was never to be seen with a book in her hand, and she expressed fears that the latter was not keeping up her reading.

"And if you don't like to read to yourself, my dear, you can read to me while I work. German, now. I like the sound of German very well. It brings back the time when your Uncle John and I went up the Rhine on our honeymoon. And then, for English reading there's a very nice book Uncle John has somewhere on natural history, called 'Animals of a Quiet Life,' by a Mr. Hare, too—so comical, I always think. It's good for you to be reading something. It is what your poor dear granny would have wished if she had been alive. Only it must not be poetry, Ruth, not poetry."

Mrs. Alwynn did not approve of poetry. She was wont to say that for her part she liked only what was perfectly *true*, by which it is believed she meant prose.

She had no books of her own. In times of illness she borrowed from Mrs. Thursby (who had all Miss Young's works, and selections from the publications of the S.P.C.K.). On Sundays, when she could not work, she read, half aloud, of course, with sighs at intervals, a little manual called "Gold Dust," or a smaller one still, called "Pearls of Great Price," which she had once recommended to Charles, whom she knew slightly, and about whom she affected to know a great deal, which nothing (except pressing) would induce her to repeat; which rendered the application of the "Pearls," to be followed by the "Dust," most essential to his future welfare.

On this particular morning in August, Ruth had slipped out as far as the chest-

nut-tree, the lower part of which was hidden from the rectory windows by a blessed yew hedge. It was too hot to walk, it was too hot to draw, it was even too hot to read. It did not seem, however, to be too hot to *ride*, for presently she heard a horse's hoofs clattering across the stones of the stable yard, and she knew, from the familiarity of the sound at that hour of the day, that Dare had probably ridden over, and, more probably still, would stay to luncheon.

The foreign gentleman, as all the village people called him, had by this time become quite an institution in the neighborhood of Vandon. Every one liked him, and he liked every one. Like the sun, he shone upon the just and the unjust. He went to every tennis-party to which he was invited. He was pleased if people were at home when he called. He became in many houses a privileged person, and he never abused his privileges. Women especially liked him. He had what Mrs. Eccles defined as "such a way with him;" his way being to make every woman he met think that she was particularly interesting in his eyes—for the time being. Men did not, of course, care for him so much. When he stayed anywhere, it was vaguely felt by the sterner sex of the party that he stole a march upon them. While they were were smoking, after their kind, in clusters on the lawn, it would suddenly be observed that he was sitting in the drawing-room, giving a lesson in netting, or trying over a new song encircled by young ladyhood. It was felt that he took an unfair advantage. What business had he to come down to tea in that absurd amber plush smoking-suit, just because the elder ladies had begged to see it? It was all the more annoying, because he looked so handsome in it. Like most men who are admired by women, he was not much liked by men.

But the house to which he came the oftenest was Slumberleigh Rectory. He was faithful to his early admiration of Ruth; and the only obstacle to his making her (in his opinion) happy among women, namely, her possible want of fortune, had long since been removed by the confidential remarks of Mrs. Alwynn. To his foreign habits and ideas, fourteen or fifteen hundred a year represented a very large sum. In his eyes Ruth was an heiress, and in all good earnest he set himself to win her. Mr. Alwynn had now become the proper person to consult regarding his property; and at first, to Ruth's undisguised satisfaction, he consulted him

nearly every other day, his horse at last taking the turn for Slumberleigh as a matter of course. Many a time in these August days might Mrs. Eccles and all the other inhabitants of Slumberleigh have seen Dare ride up the little street, taking as much active exercise as his horse, only skyward; the saddle being to him merely a point of rebound.

But if the object of his frequent visits was misunderstood by Ruth at first, Dare did not allow it to remain so long. And not only Ruth herself, but Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn, and the rectory servants, and half the parish were soon made aware of the state of his affections. What was the good of being in love, of having in view a social aim of such a praiseworthy nature, if no one were aware of the same? Dare was not the man to hide even a night-light under a bushel; how much less a burning and a shining hymeneal torch such as this. His sentiments were strictly honorable. If he raised expectations, he was also quite prepared to fulfil them. Miss Deyncourt was quite right to treat him with her adorable, placid assumption of indifference, until his attentions were more avowed. In the mean while, she was an angel, a lily, a pearl, a star, and several other things, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which his vivid imagination chose to picture her. But whatever Dare's faults may have been—and Ruth was not blind to them—he was at least head over ears in love with her, fortune or none; and as his attachment deepened, it burned up like fire all the little follies with which it had begun.

A clergyman has been said to have made love to the helpmeet of his choice out of the Epistle to the Galatians. Dare made his out of material hardly more promising—plans for cottages, and estimates of repairs. He had quickly seen how to interest Ruth, though the reason for such an eccentric interest puzzled him. However, he turned it to his advantage. Ruth encouraged, suggested, sympathized in all the little he was already doing, and the much that he proposed to do.

Of late, however, a certain not ungrounded suspicion had gradually forced itself upon her which had led her to withdraw as much as she could from her former intercourse with Dare; but her change of manner had not quite the effect she had intended.

"She thinks I am not serious," Dare had said to himself; "she thinks that I play with her feelings. She does not know me. To-morrow I ride over; I set

her mind at rest. To-morrow I propose; I make an offer; I claim that adored hand; I — become engaged."

Accordingly, not long after the clatter of horse's hoofs in the stable yard, Dare himself appeared in the garden, and perceiving Ruth, for whom he was evidently looking, informed her that he had ridden over to ask Mr. Alwynn to support him at a dinner his tenants were giving in his honor — a custom of the Vandon tenantry from time immemorial, on the accession of a new landlord. He spoke absently; and Ruth, looking at him more closely as he stood before her, wondered at his altered manner. He had a rose in his button-hole. He always had a rose in his button-hole; but somehow this was more of a rose than usual. His moustaches were twirled up with unusual grace.

"You will find Mr. Alwynn in the study," said Ruth hurriedly.

His only answer was to cast aside his whip and gloves, as possible impediments later on, and to settle himself, with an elegant arrangement of the choicest gaiters, on the grass at her feet.

It is probably very disagreeable to repeat in any form, however discreetly worded, the old phrase, —

The reason why I cannot tell,  
But I don't like you, Doctor Fell.

But it must be especially disagreeable, if a refusal is at first not taken seriously, to be obliged to repeat it, still more plainly, a second time. It was Ruth's fate to be obliged to do this, and to do it hurriedly, or she foresaw complications might arise.

At last Dare understood, and the sudden utter blankness of his expression smote Ruth to the heart. He had loved her in his way after all. It is a bitter thing to be refused. She felt that she had been almost brutal in her direct explicitness, called forth at the moment by an instinct that he would proceed to extreme measures unless peremptorily checked.

"I am so sorry," she said involuntarily.

Poor Dare, who had recovered a certain amount of self-possession now that he was on his feet again, took up his gloves and riding-whip in silence. All his jaunty self-assurance had left him. He seemed quite stunned. His face under his brown skin was very pale.

"I am so sorry," said Ruth again, feeling horribly guilty.

"It is I who am sorry," he said humbly. "I have made a great mistake, for which I ask pardon;" and, after looking at her

for a moment, in blank incertitude as to whether she could really be the same person whom he had come to seek in such happy confidence half an hour before, he raised his hat, his new light grey hat, and was gone.

Ruth watched him go, and when he had disappeared, she sat down again mechanically in the chair from which she had risen a few moments before, and pressed her hands tightly together. She ought not to have allowed such a thing to happen, she said to herself. Somehow it had never presented itself to her in its serious aspect before. It is difficult to take a vain man seriously. Poor Mr. Dare! She had not known he was capable of caring so much about anything. He had never appeared to such advantage in her eyes as he had done when he had left her the moment before, grave and silent. She felt she had misjudged him. He was not so frivolous, after all. And now that her influence was at an end, who would keep him up to the mark about the various duties which she knew now he had begun to fulfil only to please her? Oh, who would help and encourage him in that most difficult of positions, a landowner without means sufficient for doing the best by land and tenantry? She instinctively felt that he could not be relied upon for continuous exertion by himself.

"I wish I could have liked him," said Ruth to herself. "I wish, I wish I could!"

#### CHAPTER XII.

DURING the whole of the following week Dare appeared no more at Slumberleigh. Mrs. Alwynn, whose time was much occupied as a rule in commenting on the smallest doings of her neighbors, and in wondering why they left undone certain actions which she herself would have performed in their place, Mrs. Alwynn would infallibly have remarked upon his absence many times during every hour of the day, had not her attention been distracted for the time being by a one-horse fly which she had seen go up the road on the afternoon of the day of Dare's last visit, the destination of which had filled her soul with anxious conjecture.

She did not ascertain till the following day that it had been ordered for Mrs. Smith of Greenacre; though, as she told Ruth, she might have known that, as Mr. Smith was going for a holiday with Mrs. Smith, and their pony lame in its feet, they would have to have a fly, and with that hill up to Greenacre she was surprised one horse was enough.



When the question of the fly had been thus satisfactorily settled, and Mrs. Alwynn had ceased wondering whether the Smiths had gone to Tenby or to Rhyl (she always imagined people went to one or other of these two places), her whole attention reverted to a screen which she was making, the elegance and novelty of which supplied her with a congenial subject of conversation for many days.

"There is something so new in a screen, an entire screen, of Christmas cards," Mrs. Alwynn would remark. "Now, Mrs. Thursby's new screen is all pictures out of the *Graphic*, and those colored Christmas numbers. She has put all her cards in a book. There is something rather *passy* about those albums, I think. Now, I fancy this screen will look quite out of the common, Ruth; and when it is done, I shall get some of those Japanese cranes, and stand them on the top. Their claws are made to twist round, you know, and I shall put some monkeys—you know those droll chenille monkeys, Ruth—creeping up the sides to meet the cranes. I don't honestly think, my dear"—with complacency—"that many people will have anything like it."

Ruth did not hesitate to say that she felt certain very few would.

Mrs. Alwynn was delighted at the interest she took in her new work. Ruth was coming out at last, she told her husband; and she passed many happy hours entirely absorbed in the arrangement of the cards upon the panels. Ruth, thankful that her attention had been providentially distracted from the matter that filled her own thoughts in a way that surprised and annoyed her, sorted, and snipped, and pasted, and decided weighty questions as to whether a goitred robin on a twig should be placed next to a smiling plum-pudding, dancing a polka with a turkey, or whether a congealed cross with "Christian greeting" in icicles on it, should separate the two.

To her uncle Ruth told what had happened; and as he slowly wended his way to Vandon on the day fixed for the tenants' dinner, Mr. Alwynn mused thereon, and I believe, if the truth were known, he was sorry that Dare had been refused. He was a little before his time, and he stopped on the bridge, and looked at the river, as it came churning and sweeping below, fretted out of its usual calm by the mill above. I think that as he leaned over the low stone parapet he made many quiet little reflections besides the involuntary one of himself in the water below.

He would have liked (he was conscious that it was selfish, but yet he *would* have liked) to have Ruth near him always. He would have liked to see this strange son of his old friend in good hands, that would lead him—as it is popularly supposed a woman's hand sometimes can—in the way of all others, in which Mr. Alwynn was anxious that he should walk; a way in which he sometimes feared that Dare had not made any great progress as yet. Mr. Alwynn felt at times, when conversing with him, that Dare's life could not have been one in which the nobler feelings of his nature had been much brought into play, so crude and unformed were his ideas of principle and responsibility, so slack and easy-going his views of life.

But if Mr. Alwynn felt an occasional twinge of anxiety and misgiving about his young friend, it speedily turned to self-upbraiding for indulging in a cynical, unworthy spirit, which was ever ready to seek out the evil and overlook the good; and he gradually convinced himself that only favorable circumstances were required for the blossoming forth of those noble attributes, of which the faintest indications on Dare's part were speedily magnified by the powerful lens of Mr. Alwynn's charity to an extent which would have filled Dare with satisfaction, and would have overwhelmed a more humble nature with shame.

And Ruth would not have him! Mr. Alwynn remembered a certain passage in his own youth, a long time ago, when somebody (a very foolish somebody, I think) would not have him either; and it was with that remembrance still in his mind that he met Dare, who had come as far as the lodge gates to meet him, and whose forlorn appearance touched Mr. Alwynn's heart the moment he saw him.

There was not time for much conversation. To his astonishment, Mr. Alwynn found Dare actually nervous about the coming ordeal; and on the way to the Green Dragon, where the dinner was to be given, he reassured him as best he could, and suggested the kind of answer he should make when his health was drunk.

When, a couple of hours later, all was satisfactorily over, when the last health had been drunk, the last song sung, and Dare was driving Mr. Alwynn home in the shabby old Vandon dog-cart, both men were at first too much overcome by the fumes of tobacco, in which they had been hidden, to say a word to each other. At last, however, Mr. Alwynn drew a long breath, and said faintly,—



"I trust I may never be so hot again. Drive slowly under these trees, Dare. It is cooling to look at them, after sitting behind that streaming volcano of a turkey. How is your head getting on? I saw you went in for punch."

"Was that punch?" said Dare. "Then I take no more punch in the future."

"You spoke capitally, and brought in the right sentiment, that there is no place like home, in first-rate style. You see, you need not have been nervous."

"Ah! but it was you who spoke really well," said Dare, with something of his old eager manner. "You know these people. You know their heart. You understand them. Now, for me, I said what you tell me, and they were pleased, but I can never be with them like you. I understand the words they speak, but themselves I do not understand."

"It will come."

"No," with a rare accession of humility. "I have cared for none of these things till — till I came to hear them spoken of at Slumberleigh by you and — and now at first it is smooth because I say I will do what I can, but soon they will find out I cannot do much, and then —" He shrugged his shoulders.

They drove on in silence.

"But these things are nothing — nothing," burst out Dare at last in a tremulous voice, "to the one thing I think of all night, all day — how I love Miss Deyncourt, and how," with a simplicity which touched Mr. Alwynn, "she does not love me at all."

There is something pathetic in seeing any cheerful, light-hearted animal reduced to silence and depression. To watch a barking, worrying, jovial puppy suddenly desist from parachute expeditions on unsteady legs, and from shaking imaginary rats, and creep, tail close at home, overcome by affliction, into obscurity, is a sad sight. Mr. Alwynn felt much the same kind of pity for Dare, as he glanced at him, resignedly blighted, handsomely forlorn, who but a short time ago had taken life as gaily and easily as a boy home for the holidays.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Alwynn, addressing himself to the mill, and the bridge, and the world in general, "young people change their minds. I have known such things happen."

"I shall never change mine."

"Perhaps not; but others might."

"Ah!" and Dare turned sharply towards Mr. Alwynn, scanning his face with sud-

den eagerness. "You think — you think possibly —"

"I don't think anything at all," interposed Mr. Alwynn, rather taken aback at the evident impression his vague words had made, and anxious to qualify them. "I was only speaking generally; but — ahem! there is one point, as we are on the subject, that —"

"Yes, yes?"

"Whether you consider any decision as final or not," Mr. Alwynn addressed the clouds in the sky — "I think, if you do not wish it to be known that anything has taken place, you had better come and see me occasionally at Slumberleigh. I have missed your visits for the past week. The fact is, Mrs. Alwynn has a way of interesting herself in all her friends. She has a kind heart, and — you understand — any little difference in their behavior might be observed by her, and might possibly — might possibly" — Mr. Alwynn was at a loss for a word — "be, in short, commented on to others. Suppose now you were to come back with me to tea to-day?"

And Dare went, nothing loth, and arrived at a critical moment in the manufacture of the screen, when all the thickest Christmas cards threatened to resist the influence of paste, and to curl up, to the great anxiety of Mrs. Alwynn.

One of the principal reasons of Dare's popularity was the way in which he threw his whole heart into whatever he was doing, for the time; never for a long time, certainly, for he rarely bored himself or others by adherence to one set of ideas after its novelty had worn off.

And now, as if nothing else existed in the world, and with a grave manner suggesting repressed suffering and manly resignation, he concentrated his whole mind on Mrs. Alwynn's recalcitrant cards, and made Ruth grateful to him by his tact in devoting himself to her aunt and the screen.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Alwynn, after he was gone. "I never did see any one like Mr. Dare. I declare he has made the church stick, Ruth, and 'Blessings on my friend,' which turned up at the corners twice when you put it on, and the big middle one of the kittens skating too! Dear me! I am pleased. I hope Mrs. Thursby won't call till it's finished. But he did not look well, Ruth, did he? Rather pale, now, I thought."

"He has had a tiring day," said Ruth.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
ISFAHAN TO BUSHIRE.

ROADS AND RESOURCES OF SOUTHERN PERSIA.

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THE main postal route from Isfahán to the Gulf is *viâ* Shíráz; to Shíráz the road offers no difficulties over the three hundred and twenty miles of its length. Beyond this, however, for about fifty miles, it's exceedingly bad. The total distance by this route is five hundred and twenty miles. It is possible to convert it into a cart-track, and its difficulties are less than on the line between Isfahán and Shústár *viâ* Ardal—two hundred and seventy-five miles, of which ninety miles are very difficult. The six hundred miles of comparatively desert route between Isfahán and Tarbat-i-Haidari offer no terrors or difficulties to caravans of camels, which can accomplish the journey in about twenty-seven days. By the Kárún route, then, Khúrásán can be reached in about forty-five days of actual travelling—a time that compares favorably with the land journey from Bandar Abbás, also about forty-five days, and establishes the fact that Shústár is capable of becoming the port, not only for Isfahán, Tíhrán, and Hamadan, etc., but also for Khúrásán. With improved tracks, Tabríz likewise comes within its influence (six hundred miles).

Leaving Julfa on the 27th May, our path led through the cultivated belt of cuntry known as the Lower Lánjún, a well-populated district, covered with fruit-gardens and pigeon-towers, and containing three hundred or four hundred villages. At ten miles we crossed the river Zaindarúd by a bridge, one hundred and fifty yards long, with eighteen tall arches of brick and stone, and finished our first stage at Bágh-i-Wahsh, a village of one hundred and twenty families and fifty-one ploughs. Such a village in the Mahál-i-Lánjún is rated at three hundred *tománs per annum*. With our carpet and bed spread on the housetop, we listened to what the *kut-khúddá* of the place and his fellows had to say for themselves, and drank of the icy cold water drawn from the well in the courtyard below. Our conversation soon took its usual turn, "ruin of trade by exactions," etc., etc. The stately women passed and repassed with their earthen water-jars on their heads; and did our village maidens but know what upright forms and elegant limbs this custom engenders, they would

follow this example of their Eastern sisters, much to the improvement of their figures. All the lands about here are what is termed *khoriasey*—i.e., the property of the sháh; when the lands are owned by the villagers they are called *urbábi*. The plain in which this village stands, from seven to eight miles broad from north to south, was a garden in the time of Sháh Abbás, of which royal enclosure the walks are still apparent. Within the gardens stood a menagerie, and hence is derived the present name of the village—the Garden of Wild Beasts. The second day's march took us by easy gradients over the Gardán-i-Rís (the summit of which incline has five thousand two hundred feet elevation), a neck in the range which separates the districts of the Upper and Lower Lánjún; and, as the Pul-i-Kála over the Zaindarúd had been carried away by a flood, we put up at Bágh-i-Wágarún, after crossing the river on a raft manœuvred by two ropes worked by five men on either side of the stream, which is two hundred feet wide. It was early—but eleven o'clock—yet my thirst was so great that, seated on the bank of the cool but somewhat muddy Zaindarúd stream, I drank at a draught half a gallon of its refreshing waters! The volume of water here is greater than in the river at Isfahán, much of it being expended in irrigation lower down its course. It took us just one hour to get the baggage over in six trips of the raft, and three-quarters of an hour to swim the horses and mules, ten in number, across the water. This district of Lower Lánjún supplies central Persia with rice, and, owing to excessive irrigation, is unhealthy during the autumn months, until the crops ripen and are ready for harvest in November. The villagers throughout complained of too high taxation and official exactions. I was housed here in excellent quarters, and aroused from my afternoon siesta to join the *deh-khúddá* at afternoon tea, as pleasant an "institution" in Persia as in England, bar only the absence of the gentler sex. It is drunk in small glasses well sweetened, and flavored with a slice of lemon, never with milk or cream; nothing is eaten, and the more honored the guest the greater the number of lumps of sugar heaped into his glass. With a *Bismillah*! (In the name of God!) the host rises and leads you to the seat of honor; after inquiries as to health, the *samovar* is at once set to work. You are expected to drink two glasses; but your host is better pleased if you take a third, no difficult

task, as they hold so little. To drink "bitter tea," as unsweetened tea is called, is never thought of.

The next morning we were up betimes to cross the long and tedious, though gentle, ascent of the Gardan-i-Rukh, and we reached the summit of the neck (eight thousand feet), where the road is somewhat difficult, being zigzagged over slippery rock, about three hours afterwards. This crest of the Kúh-i-Rukh forms the watershed of the country and the territorial boundary between the districts of Isfahán and Chahár Mahal. From hence westward this water-parting runs along the Kúh-i-Rang, the Áfhús-Kúh, and the Kúh-i-Persisht, and by Ashnákhór and the hills to the north of the river Diz. We were now in the Chahár Mahal country, which has been likened by Major Wells to that of Peshin (its most fertile parts). This comparatively rich district of plain, valley, and hilly country, where neither tree nor shrub may be said to exist, so rare are they, is farmed out to the ilkháni of the Bakhtíáris, who pays to the Isfahán government eighteen thousand *tománs* annually for it. The rarefied air at the elevations we were now traversing, lying between six thousand and seven thousand feet, permitted of the sun's rays striking with force. During several climbs, with one hand one would wipe perspiration off the brow, whilst with the other one would pick up handfuls of the frozen snow, which still lay at the greater elevations, to quench thirst. A mysterious man here called upon me, and stated that although outwardly a Mahammadan he was really a Christian. Why he should have confided this to me it is difficult to say; because, as he also made it secretly known to Sháhsowár, he might just as well have told it at once to "Old Mother Gossip."

Our *charwadar* was in high dudgeon this morning, and with good reason, for his only pair of shoes had been stolen during the night, and he could not replace them. "*Wallah!* May the cursed sons of honest fathers and all their generations for time to come suffer for this theft, if my shoes are not found before we start!" was the malignant curse that he launched against the crowd of villagers that always collected to view our start.

The following day the road, descending the valley, which is fairly well cultivated, passed through the Tang-i-Khárejí, between the Kúh-i-Jehánbín and the Kúh-i-Yeomri (or Zangum); we here struck a small stream which, watering Sártishni and the Gashnágán plain, forms one of

the sources of the Kárún River. Poppy, wheat, barley, and rice, besides tobacco, etc., are here cultivated. A picket of Bakhtíárfi horse was stationed here, who made room for us on hearing our destination. Their horses were tethered in the yard, which was surrounded by mangers, that is to say, egg-shaped holes formed in the mud wall. We found the company of these cavaliers a little detrimental to rest, but they were sociable fellows, full of chat and nonsense.

From Khárejí, on the 31st May, after crossing a hilly country, with rich cultivation in the valleys, we ascended the steep and difficult passage over the Kúh-i-Seligún, the transit occupying one and three-quarters hours.

From the Gardan-i-Zerra Pass, the road, after descending into a grassy valley, where a lake is formed by the melting of the snows, ascends again over an undulation, with a fertile clay soil, still covered with snow, on whose sides the Iliyats were taking up their summer quarters. Amongst them were many gaily decked Bakhtíárfi women, resplendent in yellow and red, astride their baggage ponies and mules, a sight that carried memory back a few weeks to the time when we were journeying in the company of their Lur sisters between Dizfúl and Khoramábád.

We felt the sun now very powerful as we descended a narrow ravine, stony and steep, from which we emerged to gain a made road, which winds gently down and round the Kúh-i-Sukhtá, with some steep and rocky ascents and descents here and there. Crossing a neck, we descended another ravine, choked with boulders and loose stones, until, turning round a spur of the mountain-side, we reached the village of Ardal, one hundred and two miles from Isfahán. To the westward of Ardal, at Dúpulán, the next stage towards Shústar, oaks of size are first met with; coal is also said to exist in the vicinity.

In this small village, a range of two-storied buildings, the property of Rezza Kúli Khán, is occupied by the ilkháni and ilbégi, etc., of the Bakhtíáris, during the month of May, and until the Chigákhór valley dries up sufficiently to enable the tribes to encamp upon it. The building is a most unpretentious one, and its interior fittings not calculated to impress a European visitor. I found a tent pitched for me in the gardens, close by the enclosure occupied by the Bakhtíárfi chiefs, and was well received by Colonel Hájjí Ibráhim Kúli Khán, and afterwards visited by the ilkháni and ilbégi. A tray of sweet-

meats, than which I have never eaten better or of a more peculiar nature, was followed by an excellent dinner as a prelude to a refreshing sleep.

It may be remembered that the ilkháni had received me, two months before, at Ab-i-Bid, near Shústar. He congratulated me on having accomplished the dangerous passage through the Lur-i-Kúchak district, between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, saying that he had not expected to meet me again alive, especially as there had been a rumor spread abroad, shortly after my departure, that our party had been robbed and massacred by the Feili Lurs. The chief smiled grimly when he mentioned Hájji Ali's name, and naively remarked that the western Lurs could in no way compare with the Bakhtíáris in their respect for life and property. Nearer Isfahán the tribes are more under control.

On the 1st of June the ilkháni and ilbégi left early, but I was up in time to send the former the Martini-Henry cavalry carbine that Hájji Ali had so coveted, and of which he had so repeatedly attempted to get possession. Breakfast, consisting of bread, dates, curds, and eggs fried in a fruit-sauce, was followed later by a pilau, sour milk, and deliciously iced sherbets, for luncheon, capped in the evening by a sumptuous dinner. Snow is brought daily from the neighboring hills for the chief's table. I visited Hájji Ibráhim, and spent some time with him, during part of which his two young sons were present. The Persian youth is kept in excellent order. Neither dared utter a word; they would scarcely turn their eyes to the right or left, and but glanced furtively, with looks of affection, towards their father.

Some of the young Persian nobles are well read in the Mahammadan Scriptures and poetry. I had a volume of Shaikh Sádi's poems with me, and could lead off with the opening stanza of some of his beautiful verse; catching up the rhyme, many boys of ten years of age, such as these, could repeat to the end of the sonnet or tale.

In general conversation, when the opportunity offered, in a patronizing way the *sayads* and *múlds*, whom we met with from time to time, would inform me that their religion and mine were the same to a certain point—the coming of Christ; and, affirming that Christ had himself foretold the coming of Mahammad (the Comforter, I suppose they mean to suggest), would ask me why we Christians do not accept him as the Prophet of prophets? I always declined such useless religious discus-

sions. We ran down a young wild pig one day, whereupon all began to stone him to death. Turning to me they said, "We hear that you eat that accursed animal; is it true?" Sháhsowár gave me no time to answer, but himself did so: "No; he never eats the accursed swine; he is an Amír."

Imám Kúli Khán furnished me with a guide, and gave me letters to the various kháns through whose territories we should have to pass on our way through the intricate hill-country lying between Ardal and the coast. Indeed, without guides as escort from the camping-ground of one Iliyát tribe to another, it would have been impossible for us to have got through the mountains of the Bakhtíáris, as there are practically no villages, and the road is often but a mere single-file mule-track, and, moreover, a safe-conduct is needed.

On the 2nd June, retracing our steps for some miles, we took the road to Chigá-khor, a valley in which is situated the Kal'a, or walled residence of the ilkháni, which stands on a low mound in the centre of a valley three miles long by three broad. Deprecating the unpretentious nature of his residence at Ardal, the ilkháni had enlarged upon the beauty of that at Chigá-khor, and more especially on the excellence of the stucco-work to be seen there. The swampy nature of the valley prevented our reaching it. The walls of this Kal'a are cracked—dislocated, it is said, by earthquakes, which are not uncommon in this vicinity. Here, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and within easy access of the snows, are the summer headquarters of the Haft Lang Bakhtíáris,\* who can, according to Schindler, put two thousand horsemen into the field. Halting at Talibac, we bivouacked near a fine fruit-garden, affording in season grapes, plums, figs, and walnuts. The walnut-trees are of large size. We were now at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and on the 3rd June, rising to undulate over rich pastures, on which the Bakhtíáris Iliyats had already begun to camp, we descended a narrow ravine to reach the Maidan-i-Gandaman, a plain at the foot of the Kúh-i-Sabz, now skirted, and which with the Kúh-i-Challow forms a mountain, said to be an extinct volcano, cut through

\* The Haft Lang division of the Bakhtíáris formerly doubled the number of the Chahár Lang division of the mountaineers; but the original enmity between these divisions is gradually disappearing, and both branches are becoming more and more a homogeneous people under the ilkháni. The tribes come under the jurisdiction of Isfahán, Búrújird, Khoramábád, Behbahán, etc.

by the Tang-i-Sfáh, through which flows a stream into the Kárún. Between Ardál and Behbahán, now our goal, all villages are of a poor type, and of a most uninviting appearance, so we preferred to bivouac rather than enter them. A series of hills, separated by broad valleys, in some of which a little barley is cultivated, and a few low hawthorn-trees, willows, and wild roses grow, and where at intervals are to be seen encampments of Lurs, at length conducted us to a stupendous gorge, the Tang-i-Dúsabál, a narrow cleft in the rock capped by giant mountains. Passing round this Tang, we descended into the river-bed, and crossing the Pul-i-Karabust (bridge), ascended by a road, cut for some distance, wonderful to relate, out of the hillside, towards the Takht-i-Sultán-Ibráhim, one of the highest hills of the Sabz Kúh or Alburz range. The character of the hills here changes to that of lofty, steep, and rocky mountains, separated by narrow and deep valleys. A steep and difficult incline now led us over a neck into a high level pasture valley, perched aloft in the rocky hillsides of which are numerous caves occupied by herdsmen. The sheep grazing on their precipitous sides looked somewhat like flies on a wall. Passing over a saddle, after a trying march of twenty-six miles, during which we were much annoyed by flies, which bit through socks and trousers, and greatly distressed our animals, we reached the village of Ali or Kháná Mrzá, in a treeless basin almost surrounded with snow-topped mountains. We were here received by a party of some twenty horsemen, who hastily "fell in" at our approach, than whom a more truculent-looking lot, mounted on rough ponies, I had never seen. Heavily armed as they are with swords, pistols in holsters, and guns of all sorts slung over their shoulders, they can, nevertheless, scamper over their stony hill-paths like cats, and are exceedingly formidable to their fellows. Occasional disturbances take place here with the Kashkai Iliyats, who pitch their summer tents on the neighboring hill-slopes, and who consider it no injudicious thing to annex a sheep or two from their neighbors' flocks whenever an opportunity offers. Snow begins to fall here in October, and lasts till March. A path up the valley leads to the large village of Lurdagán, and to the Kárún River route from Ardál to Shústar.

On the 5th June, ascending imperceptibly over a valley, affording poor grazing, and dotted with a few villages, we

crossed the neck of the Gardán-i-Durmán to the north of the Kúh-i-Surkh, at seven thousand feet, past which we struck the beaten road which leads to Shíráz, near Felát. After a march of twenty-four miles we reached Bassáki, the encampment of Múlá Ali Khán, below the Kúh-i-Bassáki. Múlá Ali Khán treated us most hospitably. His son is connected by marriage with the family of the ilkháni, and is pay-sergeant of the Bakhtíarí Horse. The distinction with which we had been treated by Hájji Ibráhim Khán, the colonel of the cavalry at Ahwáz, had become known throughout the regiment, and consequently we were always well received by all its members, who are widely scattered through these mountains.\* Múlá Ali Khán would not hear of my taking the direct road † of two stages to Khurrá, a Kúhgehlú encampment near Chenár, on account of its difficulties; and therefore, changing guides at Bassáki, we took the more roundabout road by Díná. Descending the grassy valley, we traversed a hilly country, resembling that we had already crossed on the Dizfúl-Khoramábád line at Badámek and that about the Tang-i-Dusabál, consisting of clays and gravels, alternating with horizontal layers of limestone rock of different thicknesses, and at varied intervals apart. Excellent wheat and barley grow here; the pasture is rich, and numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cows and horses were seen. These latter, although rough of appearance, and never fed on anything but grass, improve immensely on grain, and with proper grooming develop much of the quality of the Arab horse, their parent stock. No care is, however, taken to preserve the purity of the breed. Here, also, even in these highlands, elevated between seven thousand and eight thousand feet, the want of population only causes the fertile clay soil to be left uncultivated, except in patches of size sufficient to supply the wants of the Iliyats for a few months in the year. Continuing our descent past the village of Rúdábád into the Malburr valley, we forded, with some difficulty, its dangerous and rapid torrent of icy cold water. The crossing occupied an hour and a half, and were a man, horse, or mule to loose his footing in its bouldery bed, there would be little chance of life for him in the swift, cold current. After expending an hour in fruitless attempts to cross it, and when, in despair, further attempts

\* The table of the Múlá was well supplied with ice from the hills above his camp.

† Probably the road taken by Stocqueler.



were about to be given up, a *saiyid* appeared, well acquainted with the nature of the ford. It was crossed at a very oblique angle, and by allowing the animals to be almost carried down-stream, whilst at the same time, each guided by two men, they were gradually steered across. I know of nothing more disagreeable than fording a rapid stream with a bouldery bed, as the current makes both man and horse giddy, and boulders give the worst of footing. The intrepid guide crossed and recrossed it five times, thawing his chilled limbs each time over a fire. We now ascended one thousand feet to the Mundagan plateau, and again ascending to an elevation of eight thousand four hundred feet, we descended steeply into the Kíná valley, a sudden drop of one thousand two hundred feet, and bivouacked under the wall of this small village for protection. The ladies of the place soon crowned its summit, snatching a short respite from their churning operations, which had already commenced, and which continued throughout the night.

We were up betimes on the morning of the 7th, and notwithstanding that we missed the track, and floundered for some time amidst irrigated fields, at 4 A. M. we were already threading the Tang-i-Khafr, to pass over the spur of the Kúh-i-Díná, separating us from the Khafr village, picturesquely situated at the head of a deep valley under the Kúh-i-Díná, the passage over which we were now about to attempt. It would have been well had we halted here to gather strength for the undertaking. The village, which is surrounded by fruit-trees and cultivation, lies at an altitude of about seven thousand feet, and the pass about four thousand feet above it.

We were now in the hill country of the Kashkai, which stretches away to Shíráz, the mountains varying from eight thousand to nine thousand feet in height, and some of the highest peaks reaching to near thirteen thousand feet. These heights are, however, separated by fertile valleys, in which rice, wheat, barley, maize, vetches, cotton, etc., grow plentifully, whilst on the slopes of the hills are vineyards, together with many stunted oak-trees above, and mulberry, willow, and walnut trees beneath.

From Khafr the track, gradually rising, undulates under the slopes of the Kúh-i-Díná, here chiefly composed of deep blue shales and clays, with outcropping horizontal layers of grey rock, of unequal thicknesses and at varied intervals, be-

tween which the shales are held up at steep slopes.

A herb similar to that already met with at Khúgán, and resembling fennel in the form of its feathery stems, grows on the hillsides, and we met numerous fine oxen carrying huge loads of it to Khafr; grass being scarce at this season, just here, it is the chief fodder of the valley. The tents of the Iliyats occupied the pasture valleys and undulations, with the usual patches of wheat and barley near to them. Gaining a spur of the mountain, we ascended wearily enough, for the path was steep, the hillside stony, and we had frequently to cross long stretches of snow. It took us eight and a half hours from Khafr to climb to the Gardan-i-Bazurr, elevated about eleven thousand feet. After a journey of fifteen hours' duration, we reached Sisakht, a movable village of reeds, bushes, etc. (at seven thousand nine hundred feet), occupied by Kúhgehlú Lurs, and situated at the southern base of the Díná Mountain, where our wants were supplied by Ali Baksh, the chief of the district. So weary was I, that, after a drink of milk and a frugal repast, I tumbled into bed *à la belle étoile*, without undressing, for the night cold was sharp, and slept the sleep of the just, although I had promised my host to visit his tent after dinner.

The Kúhgehlú Lurs occupy the hills to the south of those of the Bakhtíáris, from the Kúh-i-Díná to Behbahán and the plain of Ram Hormuz. The various hill-tribes, Bakhtíáris, Mamasani, Kashkai, etc., rarely now clash, and I received from the ilkháni of the Bakhtíáris letters to his kinsmen amongst them. Their language, customs, and religion do not differ in any material respect from those of the Bakhtíáris, with whom they intermarry. Their summer and winter quarters are little more than a transition from the valleys to the summits of the mountains above them, and in June I met with but few of their camps pitched in their winter grazing-grounds. The *shatwat*, or winter sowings of the tribes in these high-land regions, include wheat, barley, beans, and opium poppy; whilst the *saift*, or summer sowings, consist of rice, beans, gram, cotton, and tobacco. The mountains here rise to a greater height than to the westward, and the valleys are less rich in pasture than those within the Bakhtíáris hills. On the 8th, a journey of twenty-five miles brought us to the Kúhgehlú encampment of Wálí Khán at Khurrá, where there is an Imámzádá.



There were some fine colts in the camp, and we spent some time prior to starting in fruitlessly endeavoring to exchange my Arab mare, which was suffering from work and a sore back, for one of them. The *chavadar*, too, was in a hurry to load up, and pleaded a stomach-ache, which he accounted for by the quantity of frozen snow that he had eaten the day before. He either suffered much pain or was a good feigner. Undulating under the Kúh-i-Díná, through well-wooded valleys, at ten miles the track gains the Derruhún stream, the right branch of the Khersún River (elevation five thousand nine hundred feet), which we forded at a point where its waters run in three channels, and then the Chowjehún, or left branch, above their junction. Both streams were swollen mountain torrents, rushing over boulders, rendering the crossing extremely hazardous. In the grassy valley beyond, and in several of the deep basins, oaks were plentiful, and in one place an unsuccessful attempt appeared to have been made to start a nursery for young trees. Few could thrive here unprotected, as the goats and sheep graze them down. The winter of 1883-84, as before remarked, had been an unusually severe one, and of long duration, consequently the melting of the snow occurred later this season than is generally the case. Ordinarily in June the streams would be more readily forded, and the passes less blocked with snow. The valley pastures had already assumed the brown and yellow tints of maturity, yet the *llyats* cut and stack no fodder, preferring to migrate to greener and more elevated pastures when those around them become dried up by the sun. A few years since this road was quite impassable to Europeans; but during the governorship of the *Íltishám-ul-Daulat*, 1878-80, robbery and crime were sternly repressed, with the best results. Layard mentions that the governor (*Mata-met*) of Isfahán had, in 1840, revenged himself on the *Mamasani* for revolt, by building three hundred of them with mortar into a living tower; and I was told that the *lex talionis* was still rigidly enforced, and that if a highway murder took place a life was exacted of the tribe — whether of the offender or of an innocent man, no matter whom — a method of proceeding likely to strike terror into every tent or household of the nomads.

The Kúhgehlú chiefs laughed at the idea of this road being supposed to be a caravan-route, and they assured me that no caravans ever took it; local traders

alone make use of it. There is said to be bear-shooting in the neighborhood, but no use is made of their skins, and the Lurs were surprised to hear that they were of any value. We here shot a few partridges on the stony hillsides.

My hosts were much astonished at a great nation like ourselves being governed by a queen. "If, as you say," said they, "there are thousands in your country greater than yourself, how is it that such a nation of amírs should be governed by a queen?" I had to explain that there were queens and queens, and that our queen was the mother and grandmother of not one but many emperors and kings, princes and princesses. Our deference and politeness to the gentler sex they cannot understand, and think us but poor creatures to be such slaves of the harem.

From Khurrá (seven thousand four hundred feet) to Sad'át (seven thousand two hundred feet) was a difficult march of thirteen miles, several ridges with deep intervening valleys having to be crossed on the way. From the fertile Chenár valley we ascended the Tang-i-Bunderah and followed a winding, narrow, and steep path to the Gardan-i-Dast-i-Chalkellah (nine thousand three hundred and sixty feet) on the south side of which we passed through the cultivated valley of Dast-i-Rukh, occupied by Kúhgehlú *llyats*, and ascended its border hill to the south, to gain the rocky summit of the Gardan-i-Chashmah-Dúzún at nine thousand five hundred and seventy feet. A slippery descent, in places over frozen snow, led us from this neck down a stony ravine to the *Imámzáda* and village of Sad'át, a ruin surrounded by extensive vineyards, with fine walnut and mulberry trees.

At Sad'át are some ruined one-storied buildings of cut stone, set in mortar, with low arched roofs, forming vaults which are typical of the Sassanian constructions as described by Sir Henry Rawlinson, and which evidently indicate the remains of a considerable town. We bivouacked here under a wide-spreading walnut-tree in close proximity to the conclave of the worthies of the village and encampment, presided over by its *rishsaftá*, or "white-beard," and had evidence of the difficulty he experienced in raising the revenue demanded of him, for each man in turn pleaded poverty and lack of funds. In all cases, after many and loud altercations, a compromise appeared to have been arrived at, the *kut-hhúddá* being

aided by the opinions of the other members of the assembly, who each gave judgment on his fellow as his case was thus roughly adjudicated.

From Sad'ât to Safarîo we found the journey, on the 10th of June, most tedious, as the numerous ascents and descents over slippery rocks and boulders made the march of twenty-two miles very difficult riding. On descending into the valley leading to the Tang-i-Nâli, we found the descent next to impassable even to mules. The path winds considerably, and many of its rocky steps are two to three feet high; in other places it is as slippery as glass from the passage of flocks of sheep and goats for many generations past. Beyond it, the bed of the deep and narrow rift bordered by perpendicular rock, next traversed, is covered with huge boulders, over and around which the horses and baggage-animals had to work their way. At its head lies Safar-i-âb, elevated forty-one hundred feet, a village of a few huts of stone, with mud roofs, standing on a small, cultivated plateau. We here met Abbâs Khân, its aga, a chief of the Nowi tribe, seated under a tree and regulating the *weighty affairs of his nation*. The country here is *garmsir*—*i.e.*, a winter quarter only; and his simple following were anxious to know if, in my country, I also had cool pastures to repair to during the heat of summer. This gave me the opportunity of enlarging upon the verdure, the moisture, and fertility of England, so in contrast to the greater part of the country I had recently traversed, and necessitating neither *garmsir* nor *sardsir*. In the evening they left me to return to their *sardsir*, or summer quarters, on the summit of the neighboring heights. The *garmsir* are occupied only from October to April. The highland districts we had already passed over were *sarhadd*, or *sardsir*, and are occupied only between June and September.

On the 11th June, before leaving the valley, which is partially cultivated, we passed by the remains of a rather extensive cemetery; but as the inscriptions on the sandstone tombs had been obliterated, it was impossible to form an opinion of their age or date. Here and there were stone sarcophagi of rude construction, and close by some ruins of a few low houses, built of stone and lime. Round about are some large timber-trees, oaks, planes, etc.

Another terrible-looking *tang*, or defile, well deserving its name of Tang-i-Nâkhuda or the Godless Pass, had now to be threaded. It is from two hundred to

two hundred and fifty feet wide, with precipitous cliffs of unfossiliferous limestone rock, three hundred feet high, on either hand; its bed is nearly blocked by boulders of huge size, over and through which the passage of the flocks of the Iliyats has worked a path, which crosses and recrosses the rocky bed of the torrent, one of the tributaries of the Khairâbâd River. We spent at least two hours in toiling through this labyrinth of boulders—"confusedly hurl'd, the fragments of an earlier world"—until at length we emerged out of the worst *inferno* I hope ever to enter. We might now be said to have extricated ourselves from the great mountainous tract, and probably the most intricate section of the Zagros range. From the Godless Pass a good track was followed across a more or less open country, and we were thankful that the road was apparently (but only in appearance) clear of hills in front of us of a forbidding outline. We soon afterwards passed some ruins; further on were gardens of pomegranates in blossom, and at Kal'a Pilli, a small masonry fort stood on a low mound covered with thistles, and in the neighborhood were some grass huts. Indeed acres of luxuriant thistles spread around everywhere on this side of the Tang-i-Nâkhudâ, amidst which swarms of locusts took their flight as we slowly progressed. It was very hot, and the dry atmosphere very conducive to thirst, so what was our delight when our guide suddenly disappeared into a deep water-hole, to emerge with a bunch of unripe and sour but most refreshing grapes! The grass, now dried up, would, if cut and stacked, produce vast quantities of hay, and the quality of the herbage would certainly be improved thereby. Curiously enough, as already remarked, the economical method of storing hay for winter provender has never commended itself to the minds of nomads. The Iliyats, from their wandering habits and predatory life, must regard haystacks as property which is insufficiently portable, and which, being irremovable, could be taxed by the government; therefore they prefer to consume by the way what they can obtain by migration to pastures new, leaving any amount of forage, in the shape of uncut hay, to waste and degenerate.

At Imâmzâdâ-Dastgird, we found the ruins of a small town, whilst neighboring mounds probably contain more extensive remains of architecture of bygone days. By the time we reached Deh-Dasht, we had descended to a level of twenty-eight

hundred and fifty feet, so that the temperature in the shade, at 3 P.M., was 92°, when we took up our quarters in a ruined *sarai*, consisting of a series of apartments of antique construction, having pointed stone arches, and domed roofs built around a quadrangular courtyard. The side walls were all recessed, each recess being covered with a pointed arch, with the *voussoirs*, springers, and abutments of stone carved in Sassanian style, and with excellent taste. The ruins around indicate the former existence of a town of some importance. As an example of the insufficiency of the available field labor in these fertile plains, and of the improvident methods of agriculture practised by the Iliyats, I may notice that the ears of the corn were in many cases about here plucked and the tall stubble left standing; yet chopped straw was much wanted and in great demand in many parts of the country I had just passed over. We were somewhat scared to-day, for several horsemen with spears bore down upon us at full gallop, pulling up their horses sharply on their haunches only when close at hand. They then cantered madly to the front and rear, brandishing their spears, and circled round about us for fully half an hour, and until one thought that every one of their horses must have been badly screwed.

We found we had not yet quite finished with difficulties from rocky paths, for on leaving Deh-Dasht, the sixteenth day after leaving Isfahan, we had two formidable descents to negotiate. From the village the path descends over treeless plains covered with standing hay, and growing thistles abundantly, to the Gatz-Darwāza; where the path led down a narrow ravine of granitic rock, and eventually became nothing better than a narrow, winding staircase of rock. Our lower elevation and increased temperature was evidenced by the luxuriant growth of lovely rose-colored oleanders, now in full blossom. All mule-drivers hold this plant in holy horror, for it is poisonous, and if the mules eat it they rarely recover. Yet another tiresome, rocky, and steep ascent and descent—during which the rays of the June sun were, as early as 8 A.M., felt overpoweringly hot—took us by a hazardous track, over slippery, naked rock, round the *diz*, or pulpit rock, which overlooks the Ab-i-Rumarūm, or Kurdistān River, here seventy yards broad, into the bed of that river elevated fourteen hundred feet; and some idea of the heat at this part of our journey may be formed from the record in

my note-book that my artificial horizon (one of Captain George's construction) became too hot to be lifted after it had been for seven minutes exposed to the sun's rays at 3 P.M., and this notwithstanding that the thermometer only read 102° in our bivouac amidst the tamarisk bushes which here line the banks. I bathed here, as on every possible occasion, but I never saw a Persian follow my example; they do not love cold water. After leaving Ardāl, it was judged necessary by the guides, whom we changed about every other day, to collect a guard of half a-dozen Lurs to watch our bivouac at night whenever it was possible to do so. They guarded us in a fashion of their own, by sleeping at intervals along the tracks leading to the bivouac. There was a quantity of hay on the hills bordering the river, otherwise our animals would have fared badly, for we had consumed all our supplies; indeed, since passing Ardāl, they had fed upon grass or hay chiefly. Although not a soul was to be seen, the clothing of one of our mules, turned out loose on the hillside to graze, was stolen. Anxious to reach Behbahān in good time, and being one who believes that "delays have dangerous ends," we started on the 13th of June at 3.30 A.M., by moonlight. This was the second march that I had attempted in these hills before dawn, and in both cases with dire results. On the first occasion, we lost our way amidst irrigated fields; and on this, the second occasion, we nearly lost a mule, and one of my *yek-dāns* got smashed into match-boxes by a fall of the mule carrying it over the hillside. My only consolation was that my loss was the gain of the mule's life. Quitting our bivouac, and descending the river valley, we entered the Tekāb Pass, here riding over a slippery stone revetment, but three feet wide, or an equally slippery, naked rock, most dangerous to both horses and mules. This Tang-i-Tekāb is two hundred feet wide, bordered by perpendicular cliffs four hundred feet high, in parts narrowing to fifty feet in width, whilst the unfordable river flows with a swift current down the pass, at a depth varying from fifty to one hundred feet below the narrow path. At the southern mouth of the gorge is a dripping fountain, with an inscription cut in Persian characters, relating the history of the construction of this most useful causeway. Above, a path leads up the hillside to the village of Pushkār, which, perched upon an elevated ledge, amid a few palm-trees, looks down upon the difficult labyrinth of boulders in the ravine below.

The delight of all of us at emerging from the hills was great. It was time too, for our horses were thoroughly exhausted, and not one of the four had a sound shoe; indeed, all had been smashed to pieces since leaving Khurrá, and although we had taken the precaution to bring spare shoes with us, all had been used up.

The *tangs*, or defiles, are most characteristic features in these hills. They are, as the reader will have gathered from the foregoing pages, narrow passes, two hundred or three hundred feet wide, bordered by precipitous cliffs two hundred to five hundred feet high, often of solid rock, with, in some cases, shallow and insignificant streams flowing through them, with their beds encumbered by huge boulders, and often circuitous in their length of one thousand yards and upwards. The picturesque grandeur of these deep gorges has probably some analogy to those fissures called *cañons* in Colorado. They exist also in a modified form in the Peshin hills of British Baluchistán. If their formation is to be explained by natural causes, it is considered by many sufficient to suppose that they may be due to contraction on cooling, or that erosive action of water, continued through countless ages, has worn these stupendous channels. This last hypothesis, however, I consider, quite fails to account for their formation; and the former theory is equally unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it leaves unsettled the reason for the contraction and the resulting crack in the hills taking place at the head of a valley, just in the place required to allow of the passage of an often insignificant stream through it, and with the level of its bed just on a level with that of the valley.

According to Loftus,\* all the great rivers flowing from the east towards the Tigris, having their sources in the mountains of Luristán and crossing diagonally through the intricacies of these ranges, instead of flowing along the natural troughs which separate the parallel limestone saddles (in a south-east and north-west direction in Luristán), working out their channels through the gypsiferous and marly series of rocks, take abnormal directions at right angles to what we should suppose would be their natural tendency, and pass directly through the limestone ridges by means of these *tangs* or gorges, apparently formed for this express purpose. On reaching the next gypsum

trough, the rivers flow again in their normal course for a short distance, and again cut the lower chains in succession in like manner, and so on until they reach the plains of the Persian Gulf. Many of these tangs, says Loftus, expose a perpendicular section of one thousand feet and upwards, which were formed, not by the scooping process which attends river action, but by natural rents, produced by the tension of the crystalline mass at the period of its elevation. Of these fissures the rivers have taken advantage, and shortened their otherwise circuitous channels.

Having left the last ridge of the mountain barrier which separates the coast plains of Persia from the Iranian plateau behind, we had now reached the Behbahán plain, with its stony clay soil, watered by canals, and on which, when we passed, the harvest had been reaped — *i.e.*, the ears of corn had been plucked, leaving the wheat-stalks standing. We observed numerous mounds, evidently covering ancient remains, during our ride of five miles over a hard and generally level surface, which brought us to the outskirts of the town of Behbahán, a centre of trade, where a few date palms grow near a huge tank, the drinking-water cistern for the city, which is supplied with water from a channel communicating with the river. The town of Behbahán, of mud houses enclosed by high mud walls, and surrounded by a dilapidated mud wall, is only preserved from an utterly mean appearance by the few white domes of its several *Imám-zádás*. A few only of the better houses are built of stone and lime, and its streets are merely narrow lanes. The *bazár* is but small, and although the *Iliyats* from the hills dispose of their produce here, trade seems at a standstill. Seventy years ago, indeed, the place is said to have contained ten thousand inhabitants; but when I passed through it, it certainly did not boast of half that number. There is a palace for the governor in the north-east section of the town, but it was untenanted during our visit. The former governor had been the Nassir-ul-Mulk, two years before. The *entrepôts* for the Behbahán line of trade are Hindiyan and Dilám. The Hindiyan stream is navigable for light boats and canoes to within a short distance of Behbahán, and the traffic from these two sources converges at Zeitún, our first stage out towards Bandar Dilám, and twenty-four miles distant. Goods generally go up by land through Deh-Mulá and Arab to Zeitún by a level

\* A paper on the geology of the Turko-Persian frontier, and of the district adjoining, by W. K. Loftus, Esq., F.G.S., June, 1854.



road. Behbahán was governed from 1877 to 1880 by the Iltishám-ul-Daulat, the son of Ferhád Mírzá, who, till the spring of 1882, was prince-governor of Fars. During his administration, before alluded to, the turbulent tribes in the neighborhood were subdued, and the road to Isfahán was improved and rendered safe. He was rapacious and ruthless, and held in great fear. Whenever the Persians allude to the present insecurity of the road between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, they mention the services of the Iltishám-ul-Daulat in suppressing the Kúhgehlú tribes, and recommending that he should be sent to carry out a like work in Luristán. There is no doubt that such a man would soon render the country perfectly safe. He ruthlessly exacted, as already stated, life for robbery as well as for life, caring little whether the real offender suffered or the proper life was taken — a method of procedure well calculated to cause the tribes themselves to suppress lawlessness.

By the road we had come from Isfahán, *viâ* Deh-i-Kurd and Ardal to Behbahán, it was seventeen stages, and we had covered three hundred and sixty-seven miles. Had we taken the more direct road to Chigákhôr, two stages, or forty miles, would have been saved; whilst, had the most direct road, *viâ* Kumesheh to Felát, been followed, the journey would only have been one of two hundred and ninety-seven miles.

Leaving the *sarai* at Behbahán (elevation thirteen hundred feet) on the 14th of June, and traversing in succession a plain, hummocky and undulating, and a range of low, barren, and broken hills of soft sandstone and clay, we gained the pleasing valley of the Zeitún River, dotted with villages, surrounded by palms and hardwood trees.

From Zeitún, a stage of twenty-four miles, over barren hills and cultivated fields, leads to the small seaport village of Bandar Dilám, situated on a sticky mud-flat, near a creek, in which some *bugalows* were floating.

The distance to Isfahán from Bushire *viâ* Shíráz, is four hundred and fifty-six miles of twenty-four stages, by Kázrán, and five hundred and thirty-eight miles *viâ* Fíruzábád, the most practicable route. From Behbahán to Shíráz is one hundred and seventy-one miles of seven stages. From Behbahán to Ahwáz is one hundred and twenty-one miles of six stages. The importance of the lines from Behbahán to both Isfahán and Shíráz is considerable; but it is quite eclipsed by that of

Muhammerah, Shústár, Isfahán, sixty-seven miles longer, but one hundred and thirty-seven miles of which can be accomplished by river. It also labors under the disadvantage of having no port, such as Muhammerah, accessible to ocean steamers. Commercially, much cannot be expected of it as yet; the Zil-ul-Sultán has perhaps been persuaded into the belief of its being a caravan-route; but the mere fact of no caravan taking it should tell him the truth, if he were desirous of knowing it.

Bushire and Shíráz are of too great an importance to allow of trade taking any other road to Isfahán not affording greater advantages than shortness; it must be secure as well; provisions and accommodation for man and beast must be attainable. Without the active co-operation of the European Persian Gulf merchant princes to stock the Kárún route between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, and Shústár and Ardal, where grazing is generally plentiful, and to establish *caravan-sarais*, trade will continue to flow in its old channel to Isfahán and Tíhrán from Bushire.

I have given figures by which all may test the comparative advantages of the three chief routes from the coast, between Bushire and the Kárún to Isfahán and Tíhrán. To sum up, they are, — that the Bushire route cannot compare with that from Muhammerah; the latter is shorter by one hundred and seventy-eight miles, passes over no very difficult country, taps the most fertile districts of Persia, *i.e.*, the plains of Arabistán, Shústár, and Dizfúl, Hamadán, Karmánsháh, Búrújird, Sul-tánábád, as well as that of Isfahán, *viâ* the fertile districts of Gulpaigán and Khonsár. From Muhammerah, Isfahán is, *viâ* Búrújird, distant six hundred and thirty-three miles — *i.e.*, eighty-five miles longer than the Bushire route *viâ* Fíruzábád and Shíráz. *Via Shústár, across the Bakhtlárt hills, it is one hundred and twenty-six miles SHORTER.* The shortest route from the coast to Isfahán is that described from Bandar Dilám through the Kúhgehlú hills, of three hundred and forty-five miles, in fifteen stages. Although it is one hundred and ninety-three miles shorter than the road *via* Fíruzábád, and one hundred and twelve miles shorter than that *via* Kázrán from Bushire, it remains unused; want of *caravan-sarais*, of villages and supplies, of a few rough bridges, combined with its bad repute, are the causes that prevent traffic flowing along it.

The only route that favorably compares with the Muhammerah route to Tihrán is that from Baghdád, accessible to river-boats drawing three to four feet, by the Tigris. The distance of Baghdád to Tihrán, by the great caravan-route, *via* Karmánsháh and Hamadán, is five hundred miles, performed in thirty-one stages. The road presents the least topographical difficulties of any of those crossing the Zagros heights to the Iranian plateau. Its Persian trade, however, passing through Turkish custom-houses, is always liable to be checked by dues imposed at will, and to restrictive quarantine arrangements, for no love is lost between Shiya and Suni Mahammadans.

Let us again consider the question of time, an important factor in all commercial enterprise. The average time that a caravan takes to reach Tihrán is forty days (without halting). A caravan, without halting, from Muhammerah takes on an average thirty-one days, and from Shústar twenty-four days. Allowing two days for the passage of goods by steamer from Muhammerah to Shústar, the journey will be effected in twenty-six days; thus, in the first instance, a saving of nine days results, and in the second of fourteen days. From Shústar a caravan can reach Isfahán, by the Bakhtíárf route, without halting, in fifteen days; and from Muhammerah in twenty-one days, a saving of seven days on the Bushire route. Combining the land route from Shústar with the river route from Muhammerah, the number of days required to land goods in Isfahán is seventeen, a saving of eleven days on the Bushire route.

Caravans from Bushire require thirteen days to reach Shíráz, and fifteen days more to reach Isfahán — *i.e.*, a total of twenty-eight days. The Bandar-Dilám caravans could reach Isfahán, three hundred and forty-five miles, in fifteen days, through the Kúhgehlú hills, or a saving of thirteen days on the Bushire route — yet it is not used. Snowdrifts would not close the roads through the mountains, if kept open by traffic, and rough bridges only are required to make the swollen rivers passable at all seasons.

The only other main route from the Gulf to Tihrán is that from Bandar-Abbás, which runs through Karman, Yazd, and Kashán. Although this is a fairly level road the whole way, more than one hundred miles is difficult, and its length, about nine hundred and fifty miles, causes it to compare unfavorably with any of the above.

The roads from Isfahán to Shústar and

Bandar Dilám, branch, it will have been noticed, at Ardal. From Ardal to Isfahán is one hundred and two miles, and thence to Shústar one hundred and seventy-three miles, a total of two hundred and seventy-five miles, to convert which into an unmetalled cart-track would cost, I estimate, on an average Rs. 300 per mile. From Isfahán to Bandar Dilám, four hundred and fifteen miles, the cost would be, on an average, Rs. 250 to Rs. 300 per mile. To macadamize these tracks, except here and there over clay, would be a mistake. None of the estimates given include the cost of *caravansarais*. The cost of ferries over rivers, where it is necessary to establish such, might be defrayed by tolls on passengers, live stock, and goods passed over by them. By throwing wire ropes across the rivers most difficult to ford whilst in flood, their passage by rafts would be rendered a simple matter. The construction of bridges, with road-bearers of trees resting on rough timber crib piers and a flooring of fascines, would cost next to nothing, and yet be an inestimable boon to traders and the tribes. All the rivers and streams met with can be so spanned. But no governor interests himself in the matter. He would look upon their cost as so much money out of his own pocket. Custom has blunted the people's sense to the want of them, and moreover, they are most ignorant of how to help themselves in even these simple matters of engineering.

To return to our narrative, there is no port at Bandar Dilám. *Buggalows* ascend a creek at high tide, and take its muddy bottom at low, close to the village situated at the edge of the mud-flat, which extends inland a short distance, where it gives way to a plain growing large crops of wheat and barley, and affording grazing on its stubble to large flocks of goats and sheep.

From Bandar Dilám we reached Schíf, one hundred miles distant down the coast, in three days, and thence sailed across the inlet to Bushire in a couple of hours or so. Another twenty miles took us to Kal'a-i-Haidar, a village built on a low sandy mound, close to the seashore, surrounded with gardens of melons.

The second stage keeps at a short distance from the coast, and we left the district under the governor of Behbahán at Khánáwáh, where there are good wells for watering the village flocks. Beyond Imámzáda, surrounded by cultivation and melon-beds, we crossed the Khor Khalí, a tidal creek, here one hundred yards wide,



and kept along the low shore-line; and although the *shumal* was blowing with some force, the sea was as calm as a lake, and no waves beat on the flat sandy shore. After a halt, during the heat of the day, under the shady trees surrounding the village of Arasch, we passed in the afternoon the residence of Khán Ali Khán at Bandar Righ, and, traversing an untilled flat, at nightfall reached the Arab village of Bidú, seventy miles from Bandar Dilám. There is excellent cultivation round about — melons, etc.

Although the days of June were hot, and the *shumal*, as the continuous north-west breeze is called, was blowing with some intensity, we found the heat dry and bearable (the temperature showing by the thermometer from 96° to 100° in the shade), and the nights pleasantly cool, when passed away from buildings and in the open, the early morning temperature being about 70°, and no dew perceptible. Starting at 3 A. M. from our bivouac at Bidú, crossing an uncultivated mud-flat, in three and a half hours we reached Mahammadi and beyond, fording the Rúhilla River at Kal'a Sírhán, with water above our horses' girths. Another two hours' ride brought us to Mohrezi, where we spent the heat of the day in the guest-room of Muhamad Khán, one of the chiefs of this rich coast district. By way of Schiff we reached Bushire on the 19th June, after a passage of two hours in a sailing-boat sufficiently large to take a party of three with their horses. There is a way round the bay by land, but it entails a journey of twenty-five or thirty miles, skirting the mud-flat surrounding the town. Our grooms, servants, and spare horses were sent round by this route.

Our appearance on arriving at Bushire must have been somewhat forlorn and not of the smartest. The weather was hot, and we had to clothe ourselves in cottons, which soon became limp. I can answer that Sháhsowár, in his dirty shirt wet through with perspiration, looked a most woe-begone object. He had started with black hair and beard, now they were piebald; not that he had suddenly aged, but from want of opportunity to dye them. My beard was thick and rough, and I was glad of a tub, a shave, and breakfast at the hospitable house of Mr. Paul, before venturing to show myself to my kind hosts at the residency, where we spent a most happy week awaiting the arrival of the Karáchi steamer, enjoying a rest of which we all had need.

During this journey, setting aside the three thousand miles of sea-passage, which occupied twenty-two days of my leave, we had travelled in the saddle a distance of one thousand four hundred and twenty-one miles, averaging nineteen and one-half miles *per diem*, exclusive of halts, including which our average record was at the rate of sixteen and one-half miles a day.

From this short account of my trip through south-west Persia my readers will have gained, I hope, some general idea at least of the physiography of this portion of the sháh's dominions; but it may be as well if I give a brief summary of the principal features of the provinces known as Arabistán or Khúzistán and Luristán.

The two great geographical subdivisions of the country traversed south of Isfahán and Búrújird are, it may be observed, strongly distinctive.

*First*, we find an alluvial plain of considerable breadth, including the plains of Shustár, Dizfúl, Hawízah, Behbahán, the country of the Ka'b and Ban-i-Lám Arabs, and the Mamasani, covering in all an area of about twenty-eight thousand square miles.

*Second*, we recognize a mountainous district extending over an area of, roughly speaking, some forty-two thousand square miles, known as Luristán, or the country of the Lurs.

Taking the total area of Persia to equal six hundred thousand square miles, and its population to be eight millions, its average population per square mile is thirteen. Of these eight million inhabitants, about one-fourth are the inhabitants of large towns; another quarter includes the Ili-yats, or wandering nomads, and, say, half — viz., four millions — are the inhabitants of the villages and settled country districts. It may be assumed, therefore, that nowhere in south-west Persia will the population exceed ten per square mile, when a district of from ten to twenty thousand square miles is under consideration; in the mountainous district we may estimate the Feili and other Lurs, west of the Dizfúl River, at two hundred and ten thousand; the Bakhtfári Lurs, east of the same river, at one hundred and seventy thousand; and the Kúhgehlú Lurs, to the south of them, at forty-one thousand souls. The areas occupied by the above are respectively twenty-one thousand, seventeen thousand, and four thousand one hundred square miles.

Of the other nomads, we may estimate,

for the plains, the Ka'b Arabs (from the right bank of the Kárún (*Wais*) to the Hindián River, and from the Gulf to the hills) at sixty-two thousand; the mixed Arab and Persian tribes (of the plain of Ram Hormuz) at twenty-seven thousand; of the garmsír or coast plains, fifty-six thousand; of the Shústar, Dizfúl and Hawzáh plains, one hundred and ten thousand; and the Mamasani Arabs at nineteen thousand; in all two hundred and seventy-four thousand, occupying an area of twenty-eight thousand square miles. This makes a grand total of seven hundred thousand as the population of south-west Persia; miserably small to what it should be. The seacoast plain from Muhammerah to Dilám is bountifully watered by the Kárún, the Tab, the Hindián, the Jarráhi, etc.; and it would be difficult to find a territory of equal extent, where fresh water, containing sufficient salt, is poured through tracts of plain in channels so numerous and so easily manageable. Its rivers are its element of greatest commercial strength, and, at the same time, of its military weakness; for by damming the exits of these waterways towards the sea, the Persians flooded the country and reduced the Ka'b Arabs, formerly Turkish subjects on the banks of the Tigris, who migrated to the better pastures of the Kárún at the end of the seventeenth century. Inland from the low sandy shore the garmsír extends to the low hills of sandstone and conglomerate. It is a vast level of variable width (average thirty-five miles), a barren mud-flat for some miles, liable to be flooded by high tides and heavy rains — and beyond, a plain growing rice and other cereals, melons, etc. It exports wool, butter, and sheep, besides the above. The district is sparsely populated, and water of good quality is found close to the surface. Its fertile areas alternate with desert tracts.

If the rains have been plentiful, the plains to the east-south-east of Bandar Máshur are covered with grass above a horse's knees. If they have been deficient, the grass will be short and fit for sheep, but not for cattle. I have before remarked about the waste of forage and want of economy which occur from the nomads not caring to cut and stack hay.

Besides the Kárún, the other rivers above mentioned are, *first*, the Zoreh, the Tab, and the Hindián, which is formed by the united waters of the Ab-i-Shúr and the Ab-i-Shírf (also called the Khairábád River and the Shams-al-Arab), which have their sources in the mountains of the Mamasani.

Their junction takes place in the vicinity of Chham (Zeitún), where I had some difficulty in fording it, as before related. After traversing the outer low range of sandstone hills (originating in the Kabír-Kúh, and stretching from the Karkháh at Kal'a Bandar and the Kárún at Ahwáz in a south-east direction towards Zeitún), it falls into the Gulf a few miles from Hindián, where it is both unfordable and undrinkable.

*Second*, the Rúhilla or Rúhillah, otherwise the Shat-ban-i-Lemini, which, rising in the vicinity of Kal'a Safíd, traverses the Shapúr plain and valley.

*Third*, the river Jarráhi or Dorák, known to its junction with the Ab-i-Rámuz as the Kurdistán River, rising in the Kúhgehlú hills at Sad'at; thence it issues through the narrow Tang-i-Tekáb, which I had such good cause to remember, and running along the foot of the low hills, receives an additional volume to its waters from the numerous tributary streams flowing from them — viz., the Ab-i-Rámuz, Ab-i-Ali, Ab-i-Zard, etc. On its banks are numerous ruins, attesting former civilization and population. Below the confluence of the Ab-i-Rám Hormuz, the Jarráhi becomes a broad and deep unfordable stream, seventy yards wide, navigable for boats of five tons burden to within twelve miles of Rám Hormuz.

*Lastly*, there are several minor streams, having their sources in the Pusht-i-Kúh, to the westward of the Karkháh, which water the plains occupied by the wandering Ban-i-Lám Arabs, and either fall into the Tigris or lose themselves in the marshes. In this plain several sites of ancient cities are to be found.

The boundaries of Khúzistán (Arabistán) are, roughly, the Bakhtíárf hills, the river Karkháh, a line drawn from Hawzáh to Muhammerah, and thence by the coastline to the Hindián River. This was the ancient Susiana, so called from the name of the capital city Susa, and the still more ancient Elam, originally peopled by Turanians and the descendants of Shem. It fell to Persia on the downfall of the Assyrian Empire. It is now chiefly inhabited by the Ka'b Arabs already referred to.

After a good harvest, prices in Arabistán are low: bread will then sell at  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per pound; mutton at 2d. per pound; wheat at 10d. per thirty-five pounds; barley at 10d. per fifty pounds; sheep at 2s. 6d. to 5s. each; straw at a merely nominal rate.

The general features of the mountainous district of south-west Persia, between

Karmánsháh and Shíráz, inhabited by the Lurs, and known as Luristán,\* may be described in a few words. Its nucleus is a chain of lofty mountains, running south-east and north-west, to the south of the valleys of the Búrújird, Kemenderáb, and Zaindarúd streams. Their summits are frequently above the limits of the perpetual snow-line; but their valleys are fertile, well-watered, and possess a generous soil, in which the *bellút*, or oak, the walnut, the fig, and pomegranate abound, whilst the vine cultivation is successfully carried out on their lower slopes. In these mountains are the Yafáks (*sard-sir*), or summer residences of the Lur tribes, and here are the sources of the Kárún, the Karkháh, the Dizfúl River, the Jarráhi, the Zoreh, and others less important. To the east and west of this chain, and at a considerable elevation above the sea, are found other highly fertile valleys and spacious plains; such, for instance, as the Ferídán, Chahár-Mahál, Lenján, and Silakhár to the east; whilst to the west we find the Deh-i-Dasht, Mál Amír, Tul, Kal'a Rezza, Saimarra, etc. These valleys and plains are either watered by rivers and streams, or owe their fertility to the accumulation of winter torrents, which, rushing down from the mountains and finding no outlet, form lakes or reservoirs which last till the middle of the summer. Their soil is extremely rich, producing wheat and barley, and forming excellent pasture-lands for sheep and cattle. The soil, also, is generally covered with extensive deposits of saline matter. The summits of these hills are usually tubular, and their sides furrowed by innumerable torrents, which sweep down with irresistible violence during the rainy season. They are, consequently, precipitous, and frequently inaccessible to heavily laden animals. The country rising from the coast in a succession of tablelands, it follows that the southern and western slopes of these hills are longer than the northern and eastern. They are seldom inhabited to any considerable extent, except during the winter, when the rain-water accumulates in the bottoms, and the hills are then clothed with grass and flowers. The soil is favorable to the growth of both wheat and barley.

Of the tangs which cut through these hills I have already spoken, as also of the lower reaches of the rivers. Of these

the most important is the Kárún, whose upper waters rise in the Zard Kúh. Fed by numerous springs and rivulets caused by the melting of the snows of this elevated region, from its very source it is a large river. Forcing its way through the Bakhtíárf hills, it receives near Bors the Darfá-i-Gandum, a broad and rapid stream, itself equal in size to the Kárún, and having its sources in the hills to the north and north-east of the Kúh-i-Dídná, and receiving as tributaries the Khersún and Mallburr — both hill torrents.

From the Susan valley the Kárún winds among lofty hills, receiving many minor tributaries, fordable mountain torrents, and enters the plain of Akili by a narrow gorge, the hills on either side of which are crowned by the Kal'a-i-Rustum on the right bank, and by the Kal'a-i-Dukhtar on the left bank — ruins of fortresses of the Sassanian epoch.

The shortest road to Isfahán from Shúshtar leads through this gorge, along which the way has been excavated with great labor. The stream, here broad and tranquil, now traverses the plain of Akili, and receiving as a tributary the large salt stream of Baitawand, it forces its way through the Kúh-i-Fedelah (outer range of hills), and enters the plains of Arabistán, already described. A road has also been excavated through this gorge (left bank) with great labor. These works would point to the advisability of well exploring this route to Isfahán, as it may be preferable to the longer southern route.

The territory we have described is inhabited by Persians, various tribes of Lurs, and Arabs.

Of the Feili Lurs, occupying the Lur-i-Kúchak, I passed through the Pusht-i-Kúh south of the Kabír Kúh to Khoramábád, and found this tribe under the chieftainship of the descendants of Hasan Khán, their last powerful *wáll*. They were at enmity amongst themselves, and the intrigues to gain precedence had led to many blood-feuds. The government did not desire that there should be union amongst the tribes, nor did it exert itself to bring them into proper subjection. Several of them were in open rebellion, and small parties of Lurs even could not pass through their territory with impunity.

Of the three sons of Hasan Khán, mentioned by Layard as having divided the tribes amongst them on the death of their father, Hájjí Ali Khán, in 1884, enjoyed the chief authority, his principal adherents being the Sagwand sub-division of the Bajilan tribe; the pretensions of Hai-

\* This description of the hills of Luristán is based upon the "Description of the Province of Khúzistán," by Sir Henry Layard, in vol. xvi., Roy. Geog. Soc. Journal.

dar Khán, the third son, to inherit the title of his father were upheld by the Persian governor of Luristán, whereupon the elder brothers, Ali Khán and Ahmad Khán, took refuge with the Assyrian Arabs on the Turkish frontier, as related by M. de Bode.\* Eventually, two or three years previous to my visit, (1881 or 1882), such is the instability of all things Lur, Sartip Haidar Khán, of the Bairán-wand, was put to death by the governor of the district, after having been invited to Khoramábád to receive favors of the shah; his sons follow in the wake of Ali Khán, but are in no way attached to him, and consider that their misfortunes have been his opportunity. Of these young men the elder was by no means a prepossessing youth; but the younger, quite a boy then, had a face which attracted by reason of its look of quiet melancholy and resignation. These young fellows frequently visited me and related to me their misfortunes, under the prevailing idea that I was a *sartip* in the service of the shah, whose good offices at Tihrán might have served to bring them again into favor. At the time when I was treated with such bad faith and consideration by Hajji Ali, they offered me tent-room and hospitality. The agent of the Zil-ul-Sultán with the tribe, not much liked by Hajji Ali, advocated their rights, so it is quite possible that a turn of the wheel of fortune may yet bring these lads into prominence. Ahmad Khán, the second son, has a considerable following, and is at enmity with his brother for like reasons, and in rebellion against the government. The chief of the Lurs about Karmánsháh is Húsain Kúlf Khán, a lawless brigand, so that, in fact, anarchy reigned supreme in 1884 throughout Lur-i-Kúchak.

Sir H. Layard has made the world acquainted with the misfortunes of the greatest of the Bakhtfári rulers, the noble Mahammad Táki Khán, and the treacherous and harsh conduct of the Persian government towards him and his estimable family. The anarchy that followed his fall led to the rise of Húsain Kúlf Khán, the son of Jáfer Kúlf Khán, who began to make his power felt about 1848, during the reign of the present sháh. His chief opponents, the sons and son-in-law of Kalb Ali Khán, he contrived to remove from the scene, and obtained almost universal supremacy over the tribes, whom

he ruled with a strong hand, and his name was respected and feared throughout the hills. He completed the good work commenced by Mahammad Táki, sternly repressed brigandage, and rendered the passage of caravans possible through the hills, a clemency much regretted by his subjects, who would readily have returned to their old predatory habits. His power also excited the jealousy of the Persians, and being suspected of holding ambitious views, he was called to Isfahán by the Zil-ul-Sultán, and there murdered. His eldest son was in 1884 a captive in Isfahán. It was commonly supposed that he was kept in prison there, bound in chains. His younger sons were, I was told, under charge of the present ilkhání, Imám Kúlf Khán, brother of the late Húsain Kúlf Khán. Reza Kúlf Khán, another brother, was ilbégi. Mahammad Husan Kúlf Khán, a third brother, was a *sartip* in the Persian army. Both the ilkhání and ilbégi have several sons. It will be remembered that I made friends at Ahwáz and Ardal with Hájjí Ibráhim Kúlf Khán, *sarhang* of the Bakhtfári Horse, who is the son of the ilbégi, and has considerable influence with the tribes.

Unlike the Feili Lurs, the Kúhgehlú and the Mamasani, they are united, the majority acknowledging the authority of the ilkhání. The section living in the vicinity of Búrújird does not owe him allegiance. The ilkhání is subject to the prince-governor of Isfahán, and receives one thousand *tománs* per annum as salary; the ilbégi receiving a salary of five hundred *tománs*.

The ilkhání Imám Kúlf Khán seemed to be beloved by his subjects, and to govern them justly. He sat in *darbár* daily, and was accessible to all. His countenance and genial manner indicate a man of kindly disposition; his manners are simple yet courteous, and the members of his suite, although rough-looking, are not without a certain polish and refinement of manners, whilst his family are held in respect by the tribe. The chiefs of the great Lur families are, no doubt, from more frequent intercourse with Persians at the courts of Tihrán and Isfahán, assimilating their manners to those of Persians, and imitating their modes of life.

Tea is now held in great estimation throughout Luristán, and no chief of any note will fail to serve it, after the Persian manner, when visited, with imported loaf-sugar and lemons. Many travellers now carry a charcoal brasier and brass kettle,

\* Travels in Luristán and Arabistán, by Baron de Bode. 2 vols. 1845.



suspended from the crupper of the saddle, as well as the universal *kalyan*, so greatly is tea appreciated.

Assuming that the Chahár Lang number twelve thousand families, the Haft Lang eleven thousand families, and the dependencies fifteen thousand families, there are in all thirty-eight thousand families of Bakhtíáris. Reckoning each family at five members, a moderate estimate, the population of the Bakhtíáris hills numbers one hundred and ninety thousand souls, or eleven per square mile, taking the area over which they are scattered to be seventeen thousand square miles. Assuming that in every two families one man is capable of bearing arms, the number of men that can be raised is nineteen thousand. The sháh can call upon every Iliyát tribe to furnish him with one horseman and two foot-soldiers per ten families — *i.e.*, he can raise among the Bakhtíáris about three thousand eight hundred horse and seven thousand six hundred foot soldiers.

The most recent news that I have received from Messrs. Gray, Paul, & Co. from Bakhtíáris-land, is that the ilkhánf has been deposed, and that now Reza Kúlf Khan reigns in his stead. Such depositions are, in Persia, the results of intrigue, at the bottom of whose unfathomable well lie all the evil influences.

I range myself amongst those who think favorably of the Lurs; and I judge from the ready alacrity with which they render obedience to their chiefs, the deference with which they approach such, their quiet and respectful demeanour in *darbár* and in putting forward a statement or complaint, the general decorum and seemliness observed in their encampments, and their general modest behavior and simplicity, when not incited to conduct themselves otherwise by those in authority over them. In short, I maintain that, at heart, they are not a blood-thirsty, thieving, or rebellious race; but, on the contrary, that their cruelty and blood-shedding are due to ambition unrestrained by fear of retributive punishment; their thievish propensities to a like want of fear and to petty exactions; and their rebellions to oppressive government exactions and misrule, or rather to a total want of all rule and of all justice, — in fact, it is to Oriental despotism that their past lawlessness is attributable. It is the cause capable of producing but one effect; it gives no protection to private property, and offers no encouragement to industry. Integrity and thrift have

hitherto led, in Persia, to ruin. Under a firm, just, and humane government, there is every reason to believe that they would become tractable and loyal subjects. Their treatment by self-seeking rulers must cause the general character of the Lurs to incline towards treachery in dealing with the Persian provincial governor, who is too often notorious for his total disregard of truth, the fraud with which he conducts ordinary business, his thorough hypocrisy and his avarice, at the shrine of which detestable vice, uncurbed by the Muslim religion, all feelings of honor and friendship are sacrificed. Although the enemies of many a Lur chief are to be found amongst those of his own household, yet the majority of the tribesmen have generally been remarkably loyal to their tribal representative.

I fear that I may have wearied my readers *ad nauseam* with topographical details of country, distances, and tribal descriptions; but they may be assured that I have only done so to draw their attention to the best route whereby the increasing productions of Persia may be made accessible to British enterprise, and that I might interest my fellow-countrymen in a most deserving section of our Eastern imperial neighbors, whom we have not hitherto recognized as such, but whom we cannot neglect with impunity to ourselves even if we would. Such writing is too often a thankless task. Writers and thinkers who work for our Eastern interests are apt to be dubbed excessive bores, and little encouragement is given to those who endeavor to learn to control the Eastern channels of commerce, and to turn them into advantageous beds; and so little, apparently, is the significant importance of such currents appreciated by us as a commercial nation, that the unhappy thought sometimes arises in my mind, that perhaps, after all, the contingency of the loss of her Eastern markets has been fully considered and deliberately set aside by Great Britain as a small evil, under the impression that, in the distant future, her wealth will be so enormous that she will be able to do without it, and with folded arms to content herself with being the money-lender to the world, the earth's great usurer, — an occupation considered by all people to be the most damnable and degrading since the world's creation.

Nor can we neglect our Eastern neighbors with impunity. Britain is now suffering, and will suffer still more keenly, for



having neglected since 1840, and for still neglecting, to *civilize* her Afghán neighbor, to whom she has ever posed as Mentor, but whom she hesitates to rebuke. She will understand the value of her Persian, Lur, and Arab neighbors of south-west Persia later on. Disagreeable neighbors though they all may be to her eyes, they are bound to her by geographical links impossible to unriver, except by the break-up of the empire of India.

Persia, as a military power, is dead; she is no match even for her Mahammadan neighbors; and although I have heard some Persians talk boastfully of once again holding sway over the Baghdád *walayat*, I could only but delicately hint to them that in such an unequal conflict they had not the ghost of a chance, and that their Suni neighbor could, figuratively, gobble them up. Such being the case, she can hope to live henceforth by commerce alone, and that, again, can only flourish by her opening up her country unreservedly to European enterprise.

Will she rise to the occasion and live, or will she deliberately commit suicide? I might rather ask: Will H. H. Nasr-uddín Sháh bless his people, or will he curse them?—for at the present moment the decision and result lie in the hollow of his hand. Were a *plébiscite* possible throughout his dominions, there would be no doubt of the voice of the people, and Persia would live, for their instincts are commercial. A closer commercial intercourse with the European powers can alone produce good government and the strength that results from it, and assure to her an integrity of empire that cannot be called in question. By commerce alone can Persia be resuscitated, for it is the only means of raising her in the scale of nations. And will we be ready to take advantage of her awakening, should it occur, to wage a commercial war with all comers (by the southern routes, of which the Kárún route has been shown to be the best) in Khúrásán, north, and north-west Persia? I wot not. Dutch houses monopolize the chief trade of central Persia, and indeed our merchants seem to think more of Zanzibar and Borneo than of Persia, not understanding the consequences that must follow the loss of, or stagnation of trade in, our Persian markets. They have not duly appreciated that, by the acquisition of her central-Asian steppes and oases, Russia has not only gained a base whence she can favorably contest with us for the trade of the

East, but that she has also very materially strengthened herself, and has there tapped a sure source of future wealth. Under Russia's fostering care her central-Asian possessions are becoming renumerate fields for the production of raw material,—the steppes for wool, goats' and camels' hair, to say nothing of the various products of the milk of such herds, and the oases, for cotton, silk, etc. Communications are still needed for the transport of this increasing wealth to Moscow and other inland manufacturing centres, and until this want is supplied, the resources of central Asia are, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. Means of communication, however, are now being slowly but surely provided. The continuation of the Trans-Caspian line to Tashkend, Kuldja, and Omsk, where it will join with the Siberian line to Irkutsk, is only a matter of a few years. Our China merchants may be reminded that the Kuldja inlet leads by a direct and easy route to the north-west and western provinces of China, rich in coal, cotton, silk, tea, rhubarb, wax, etc.; and it would be unreasonable to expect that the temptation, both commercial and political, to run a line of railway to the Wei Valley, the strategical and commercial centre of west China, will be resisted by a young and enterprising empire such as Russia, eager to enter upon new fields of glory, to find markets for her increasing manufactures, and traffic for her increasing mileage of railway. Gradually Russia's manufacturing centres must be pushed toward her frontiers. Mills will be started at the industrial centres of the provinces of Bokhara, Ferghana, and Turkestan, whence cotton, woollen, and silk goods, sugar, hardware, etc., will be distributed over Kashgaria, north north-west and west China, Thibet, west Persia, and even through Afghánistán to India. For Afghánistán will never be allowed to remain a barbarous and fanatical power, an impassable barrier between the two Christian, civilizing agencies of Great Britain and Russia. Commercially speaking, we ourselves are now face to face with a young and enterprising empire, which looks far ahead into the future, and is willing to invest borrowed capital or revenue in railway communications in order eventually to secure for herself the wealth that must await her, if by such means she can oust us from our present position of chief supplier to Asia and carrier between West and East, whether it be China or India. Russia is ready and eager to convert the Eastern pack-animal

trade-routes of the Old World into the railways of the new. The influence of the Caucasian railway is already felt in the markets of northern and eastern Persia, where Russian goods are gradually supplanting our own. Even caravans from Peshin are being drawn to Askábád. The question, then, naturally arises, how England is to contest this growing spirit of commercial enterprise and activity on Russia's part, so that the development of her resources may not operate to her disadvantage. Professor Huxley maintains that England's struggle for existence turns on her ability to manufacture and supply the nations of the world with manufactures cheaper and better than any other nation. To look far ahead is essential to her existence, and she cannot afford to lose even the smallest of her Eastern markets, lest its loss lead to the loss of others, until they all slip away from her; and her national supremacy—which so largely depends, as our merchants and manufacturers know, on our position as chief carrier and supplier to the East—is irretrievably injured.

Our policy must be a bold one. We should not deceive ourselves with the idea that land-carriage by railway can, under no conditions of development of the countries through which the rails run, compete with sea-carriage. Both for civilizing and commercial purposes, the railway must eventually be carried along certain old trade-routes leading from India to Persia and Asia Minor. Some of these routes it devolves on Russia to develop, and she is not backward in accepting the duty; the exploitation of others is manifestly England's duty, and she must not shrink from the risk attending the enterprise, which is absolutely essential as a counter-check to Russia's activity.

The line of demarcation dividing the regions traversed by the ancient trade-routes, which must be reopened as railways by the two empires, is, geographically, clearly defined, and neither party can overstep it, politically, with impunity, or without peril to existing relations. The exploitation of the routes falling to our share will not only enable us to hold our own in the markets of Afghánistán, Baluchistán, and Persia, but will permit our carrying the commercial war eventually into central Asia.

The Kárún route is a link in the chain of communication between East and West, for it will pave the way for a railroad to Isfahán, Tíhrán, and Karmánsháh *viâ* Búrújird. There *is* a future before this

route, if only the Persians will open up the feeding-lines necessary to its development. Commerce and the wants of Baluchistán and Sistán call for an early extension of the Peshin line to the latter fertile oasis, and it cannot without danger be long delayed. It is a link in the railway route of the future, which must eventually traverse Persia from east to west, from Sistán to Isfahán and Karmánsháh.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

GIORDANO BRUNO AND NEW ITALY.

No greater contrast could be imagined, no stronger proof could have been given of the triumphant march of progress in the face of a power which prides itself on remaining "ever the same," than by the grand celebration held at Rome on that Field of Flowers where one of the deepest thinkers of all ages was burnt in 1600, in consequence of a sentence of the Inquisition. Of late years Italy has raised statues to several illustrious religious and political reformers who perished at the stake, such as Arnold of Brescia and Savonarola. To Giordano Bruno himself a monument was erected at Naples as long as twenty-four years ago—that is, soon after Garibaldi had freed the two Sicilies from Bourbon tyranny and thus virtually founded Italian unity. Twenty years ago it would still have been impossible thus to vindicate Bruno's memory in the natural capital of the country, where the martyr of free thought, clad in the yellow robe of heretics, painted with pincer-bearing devils and flames, nobly died on the faggots without uttering even a cry of the fierce pain his burning flesh felt.

Twenty years ago the papacy still held political sway at Rome. In the present instance one might have thought the occupant of the Vatican would refrain from showing too plainly what the restoration of States of the Church would mean in regard to religious toleration and the rights of human intellect. But no; instead of preserving a judicious silence on the barbarous immolation of Giordano Bruno, Leo the Thirteenth actually broke out, before his Consistory, into a long speech containing a protest both against the conversion of Rome into a capital of Italy, and against "the impiety, the enormous outrage and insolent ostentation" of those who "honor a man that has abjured the Catholic name." Leo the Thir-

teenth declares his own freedom of action to be taken away from him as supreme pontiff by such a commemoration. In order to recover the liberty necessary for the exercise of his apostolic office, he claims the re-establishment of his political principality. "From the pursuance of this aim," he says, "neither the iniquity of the times nor any difficulty, however great, shall deter us."

It was Louis Veuillot, the French ultramontane spokesman, who in our days, under the rule of Napoleon the Third, wrote in regard to Huss and Luther, that the only thing to be regretted was that "Huss met with his deserts so late, and that Luther was not burned at all." Within our memory, a German Catholic writer had said before Veuillot that "the secular and spiritual authorities in Italy would have trodden all human and divine rights under foot, had they not applied the extreme severity of the law to Bruno." During the recent celebration at Rome, it was stated in the *Riforma* that "the P. Balan who to-day occupies a high office in the Vatican Library, has declared that, after all, it was not worth while to bewail Bruno so much, considering that he was a heretic."

In presence of the pope's strange manifesto, the organ of the Italian premier says:—

In truth, this punishment of Bruno—which, to judge things mildly, we might have set down as the result of the cruel practices of a past age—thus falls back upon the Vatican as an immutable principle of its religion and government: a principle which would still be enforced if the Vatican had the power. The Church, then, has not changed in any way. . . . Now, none of her most decided adversaries would have gone so far in his charges against her. All would rather have preferred figuring to themselves that she had given up errors which once were common to a backward civilization, and which the progress of time has left behind forever. Instead of this, the Church has passed a worse judgment upon herself than her bitterest antagonists could have done.

It is certainly a sorry spectacle to find that at the end of this nineteenth century there should still be a group of men who believe their freedom of action to be interfered with by the honor done to the name of a martyr, whose living body was consumed in the flames because he advocated the Copernican system of astronomy and held speculative views not consistent with papal dogmas. On this subject, Italian Liberals, the most moderate as well as well as the most advanced, have within

the last few weeks uttered sentiments of which but a faint echo has penetrated to England. Yet here in England it was that Bruno, the greatest philosopher of the Renaissance, became acquainted with men eminent in the republic of letters as well as with persons of the highest social and political rank, including England's famed queen. Here, in London, it was—as we now know from the protocols of the Inquisition, which have been made accessible but in recent years—that even most of those of his books which bear the name of Venice, Paris, and other towns on the title-page were printed; the English publisher, as Bruno averred, having insisted on the change for the sake of effecting a larger sale. Again, as we now also know from a protocol in the Venetian State archives, it was most especially on account of the arch-heresy of his "having lauded Queen Elizabeth and other heretic princes in his books," that Bruno was dragged before the Holy Office. This charge was put in the forefront of his alleged crimes by the P. Inquisitor.\* Other serious charges against him were, that he believed in the existence of countless worlds, and that he had also taught that this globe of ours had somehow existed from eternity.

Leo the Thirteenth, in the spirit of the old Rome of the popes, still takes it as an offence that the remembrance of the suffering seeker after truth should be glorified. Italian Liberals, who are often twitted by Roman clericalists with having diminished the importance of the Eternal City by making it the capital of a special country, proudly answer that after the Rome of the republic, after the Rome of the Cæsars, after the Rome of the popes, the great city still speaks out with a grand voice; this time as the mouthpiece of freedom of thought. On the ruins of the past—they say—a new Catholicity, a third or fourth Rome, has risen, which now possesses an international importance as symbolizing the cause of human right, the triumph of intellect. Hence it was but to be expected that men of many lands, who stand in the vanguard of the struggle against obscurantism, should join, as they have done, in honoring the valiant victim of a revengeful priestcraft. Nor is it held to be without significance that Sig. Crispi, the present premier, once a fellow-worker of Mazzini and Garibaldi,

\* "Giordano Bruno da Nola, imputato non solo di heretico, ma anco di heresiarca, havendo composto diversi libri, nei quali, laudando assai la Regina di Inghilterra et altri principi heretici, scriveva alcune cose concernenti il particular della religione, che non convenivano, seben egli parlava filosoficamente."

has been among the earliest promoters of the monument, and that the unveiling of the statue of Bruno was combined with a commemoration in honor of Garibaldi, than whom there has been no more resolute adversary of the hierarchical system. In this way, new Italy—as was said at the banquet presided over by the German scientist and Italian senator, Moleschott—has assigned to Rome her proper spiritual place in the civilized world.

## II.

GENEVA, France, England, Germany, in which countries the martyred champion of free thought alternately dwelt during his restless pilgrimage, are all, like Italy herself, particularly interested in him whose ashes were thrown into the Tiber, but whose works, though put on the Index, remain immortal. Towards the end of the last century he had been well-nigh forgotten. His books had become publishers' rarities. The best present Italian writers\* avow that German research saved him from oblivion, and that Germans have devoted the most careful study to Bruno. F. H. Jacobi, Herder, Lessing, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Gröner—who re-edited his Italian and Latin works†—Feuerbach, Lange, Dühring, Zöllner, Hellwald, Carrière, the German-Swiss Brunnhofer, and many others, have done good work in this connection. Nor shall Röh, our university professor at Heidelberg, be forgotten, who was to us both a friend and a teacher in the days of our youth, and whose premature death has unfortunately cut short the powerful promise of still more important writings than he actually left.

We can rapidly pass over the incidents of Bruno's troubled life. On the moot question as to whether he had ever joined a Reformed community, recent investigation has brought the fact to light that his name, at least, was inscribed in the list of the members of the Italian Protestant Church at Geneva.‡ When in that stronghold of the Reformation, he doffed his Dominican dress, owing to advice given to him, and was fitted out, by his compatriots there, with knightly sword, hat, mantle, and shoes. The dark Calvinistic creed had, however, as little attraction for him as the orthodoxy of Oxford. In his

tremendous quarrel with the doctors of theology of that university town he prided himself, in opposition to their "ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness," on having proved by word and deed that he himself "had been born under a more genial sky." Still, in the vehement expressions launched against them afterwards, he showed clearly enough that he could match Luther in the vituperative strength of language.

He wanted to be—so he said in his announcement to the University of Oxford—"an awakener of sleeping minds, a subduer of arrogant stupidity, a champion of the universal love of mankind." To him, in his own words, "Italian and Englishman were the same; man or woman, bishop or king, burgher or soldier, made no difference; he only looked at the face of true humanity." The manifesto is written in somewhat bombastic style; but that was the manner of the age. His sad experience at Oxford did not prevent him from retaining a kindly remembrance of England. Of Queen Elizabeth, who, being herself excommunicated by the pope, gave protection to the persecuted philosopher, he repeatedly speaks with most glowing gratitude. Like all foreign travellers from early times, he was struck with the beauty and the bearing of English women. He says "they are on earth what the stars are above." In one of his poems—in which, it is true, he laments, in the tone of Rousseau or Schiller, the destruction of a more beautiful primitive world by the spread of an aggressive and pitiless so-called civilization—he sings of "the Briton's terrible energy, who, regardless of the stormy deep and of the towering mountains, goes down to the sea in ships mightily exceeding Argonautic art."

In Germany, where Bruno for two years taught philosophy and mathematics at the then famous University of Wittenberg, and where he also made shorter stays at Marburg, Prag, Helmstädt, and Frankfurt, he seems to have pleased himself best. Witness his farewell address to the Germans, which could not possibly be of a more laudatory kind. Curiously enough, he was taken up at Wittenberg, which he calls "the German Athens," by the strictly orthodox Lutheran party, as opposed to the adherents of Melancthon, who passed for being more broad-minded. The explanation is to be found in the small encouragement Bruno had received in Calvinistic Geneva. The followers of Melancthon were in the odor of a ten-

\* See Domenico Berti: Vita di Giordano Bruno. David Levi: Giordano Bruno o la Religione del Pensiero.

† See Wagner: Opere di Giordano Bruno; Gröner: Corpus Philosophorum; also Fiorento: Jordani Bruni Opera Latine Conscripta.

‡ T. Dufour: Giordano Bruno a Genève. 1884.



dency towards Calvinism. Hence their Lutheran opponents made friends with Bruno. Extremes met. However, his sojourn at the renowned German seat of learning was to him altogether a delightful one. After he had left, he burst forth into a perfect pæan in honor of German science, art, and general culture. Speaking of the seven branches of university erudition as the seven pillars of wisdom, he said :—

On these pillars Wisdom has built her house. First, it stood in Egypt; then, under Zoroaster, in Persia; then among the Gymnosophists of India; then under Orpheus, among the Thracians; fifthly, among the Greeks at the time of their Sages; then under Architas, Empedocles, and Lucretius, in Italy; and seventhly, that house now stands in Germany. Let the Germans not imagine that I wish to flatter them. But since the Empire has been in their hands, more genius and more art is to be met with among them than among other nations. Who was comparable, in his days, to Albertus Magnus? Who could be likened to Nicolaus the Cusan? Had not the priestly cowl hidden and hemmed his genius here and there, I would acknowledge his having been not similar to, but greater than, Pythagoras.

Giordano Bruno mentions still other illustrious men of science in Germany; among them, Copernicus. "May God grant," he goes on, "that the Germans will perceive their own strength, and then they will not be men, but very gods." He sees something "truly divine in the spirit of that nation, which does only not excel in that in which it feels no delight." Coming to the German struggle against Romanist theocracy, Bruno attacks the supreme pontiff as "that potentate who is armed with key and sword, with falsehood and force, with hypocrisy and haughtiness; at once fox and lion; vicar of the Prince of Hell, who with superstitious cult and more than bestial ignorance, under the name of divine wisdom, poisons the whole world." When "nobody dared to oppose the all-devouring monster, in order to give a better form and a better order to a worthless and corrupt century," then, says Bruno, "a Hercules arose, who vanquished the three-headed Hell-hound adorned with the triple crown." "Thou,

O Luther! thou sawest the light; thou feltest the vivifying breath of God; thou followedst His command unarmed; thou wentest up to the enemy. Fighting him with the power of the word, and beating him back, thou gainedst the victory; and with the arms of the vanquished thou raisedst a monument of triumph up to heaven. Do not ask where the club of this Hercules is. 'Twas the pen that did it!"

These passages are the more remarkable because the Italian philosopher had soared, eagle-like, above all Church dogmas, whether Catholic or Protestant. His eulogy of Luther was a eulogy of the doughty wrestler who had cleared the path for free research. As to Germany at large, Bruno is full of praise for the kindly manners of her people and the generosity with which he, the banished, poor, and persecuted exile, was received there. "Although, carried away by the fervor of the ideas with which I was inspired, I may now and then, in my public lectures, have uttered things shaking the very foundations of accepted doctrines, no pedantic fanatic," he says, "turned up his nose, or gnashed his teeth, or puffed up his cheeks, against me, or struck his desk in professional fury; but in accordance with your splendid humanity and science you proved yourself sages."

In the sacred registers of the Santa Casa—to borrow an expression from Schiller's "Don Carlos"—Bruno's denunciation of the papacy and his praise of Luther were, no doubt, entered with a two and threefold black mark. Having, like the German reformer, come out of a monkish order, he attacked monkhood as the very essence of superstition, and as guilty of all vices. "Qui dicit monachum, significat ipsam superstitionem, ipsam avaritiam, hypocrisin ipsam et tandem omnium vitiorum apothecam. Uno ergo dico verbo; monachus est." And with an untranslatable sally of wit against the discreditable life of would-be holy recluses: "Insani fugient mundum, immundumque sequuntur."

There are beautiful poetical passages in which Bruno rejoices at "having escaped from the narrow and dark prison in which my intellect had so long been bound in fetters, and at having won the sweet liberty which allows me to breathe in the pure air of the new light." Through this freedom he became "imbued with a dignified love for the beautiful, with an ardent passion for the good; the charm of divine truth and the aspirations towards a truer

\* Nikolaus of Cusa—that is, Kues, near Trier—is that famous German theologian and cardinal who in the fifteenth century already expounded the anti-clerical doctrine of the plurality of worlds and of the rotation of the earth round the sun. He was an Old Catholic, so to say, who strenuously insisted on the pope being under, not above, the Church Council. As one of the first he recognized the fraud of the false documents on which the temporal power of the popes rested.



life have led me to noble aims, undaunted by the cries of an ignorant mob and by the tempests of the age." A feeling of universal love is often expressed by him. "The philanthropic philosopher's fatherland," he thought, "is everywhere." In prophetic words as to his own final fate he wrote: "Fifty or a hundred torches will not be wanting to me, even though I should walk along in the middle of the day, if ever it should happen that I were to die on Roman Catholic earth." And truly, so it came to pass.

### III.

THE works from which Bruno's speculative views can mainly be gathered are: "The Banquet on Ash Wednesday;" "On the Cause, the Principle, and the One;" and "On the Infinite, the Universe, and the Worlds." Contrary to what the general reader might expect from some of these titles, a great deal of that which he has left is written in language as lively as it is poetical, though not seldom verging on the darkly rhapsodical. Some of his expositions are given in the shape of animated conversations, marked by dramatic power, and in a very attractive style—different from other productions of his, which may appear dry and abstruse, though they are not more so than those of many a distinguished philosopher.

As a writer, Bruno comes out in various moods. He is a wit, a satirist, an impetuous pamphleteer; a philosopher sometimes of Herakleitean darkness, sometimes of magnificent profundity; a humorous, bantering destroyer of antiquated dogmas, and an enthusiastic idealist full of glowing faith in a nobler development of mankind; a dialectician who has not got rid of mediæval scholasticism and mechanical symbolism, and yet a deep thinker who, even more by the flight of his vast-ranging fancy than by scientific proof, forestalls the results of modern science. He is a prosing expounder of an impossible, bewildering art of memory, and a poetical, sublimely eloquent explorer of the all-comprising mystery of nature; an enlightened rationalist, and a believer in the sympathetic contact and relations of all things and beings; a fierce fighter in language which to our times now and then seems gross, and an enraptured singer of most delicate strains, full of the music of the spheres. He is a dethroner of pontifical pride, a warm hearted friend of the suffering masses, and a despiser of those who slavishly serve the crowd.

The works of Bruno, who was born at

Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1548, and martyred in 1600, were printed between 1582 and 1591, when the Holy Inquisition took him into its hands. His books, therefore, range from his thirty-fourth to his forty-third year. Many of them accordingly bear the stamp of that youthful liveliness and passionate exuberance—that "something Bacchantic," as Hegel said of him—which is a strong feature in this southern Italian forerunner of a new era of intellect. His many wanderings left him no leisure for fully working out a philosophical system. Nor has the course of his ideas always run in exactly the same bed; indeed, who that ever pondered deeply on the last insoluble problems, has not had his thoughts, off and on, driven this way and that way? This occasional variety in Bruno accounts for his having impressed thinkers of very opposite schools that came after him.

Maybe, if so large and universalist a mind had not been put between prison-bars for nine years, and then subjected to the only fire-burial allowed by the Roman Church, namely, the burning of the living flesh, the world would, in his maturer age, have been presented with a work of supreme import in the history of philosophy. Even as it was, he must be held to have in no mean degree influenced Descartes, and to have been the spiritual father of Spinoza and Leibnitz. There are those who assert that Spinoza would have been impossible had Bruno lived longer, and that Leibnitz owed more to him than has been acknowledged. Bruno himself stood on the shoulders of Lucretius, and in his conceptions there is much consonance with Neo-Platonism. At the same time his views are of an even broader and bolder kind. In his semi-philosophical, semi-poetical anticipations he comes closely to that evolution theory which Lamarck, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Kant, Goethe, Kaup, Wallace and Darwin, Haeckel, and others, have either indicated or scientifically worked out during a recent period.

That is a doctrine which can be found even, albeit in fantastic shape, in Ovid; again, in Aristotle; furthermore, in a most remarkable poem attributed to Empedokles, where the impossibility of being arising from nothing, and the equal impossibility of an utter annihilation of that which is, find quite a modern exposition. But why should we say modern? Perhaps some fragments of Berosos give a hint as to similar views having already been held among the

Babylonians. All the speculative questions which trouble us—or, perchance, because recognized as insoluble and as the unknowable, no longer burn our hearts, as they did that of Faust—have already occupied the Hindoo of old. Thus, for instance, the question as to the unity of all things, the non-duality (*a-dvaita*) as the Indians of a later philosophical school called it; monism, dualism, pantheism, atheism; the so-called nihilistic conception of the universe; the system of Fichte as to the ego from which the non-ego is shadowed forth; Darwinism, pessimism: everything has its prototype among early Indian thinkers.

What wonderful things has Kapila said—Kapila, after whom Buddha constructed a “religion without God and without immortality”! Nay, what deep thoughts, in a different line, flash forth from Vedic hymns, especially from that extraordinary song (x. 129) which has filled some of the foremost students of the philosophy of all nations with just astonishment, and of which in Professor Max Müller’s “Sanskrit Literature” a beautiful translation is given, which he owed to the kindness of a friend. The boldness of thought in that poem—says the distinguished Oxford scholar whose name is among the International Committee for the monument of Giordano Bruno—is “matched only by the Eleatic thinkers of Greece or by Hegel’s philosophy.”

The Greeks themselves, I may add, were fully conscious of the essence of their philosophies having come from the East—“from the barbarians,” as one of their writers has it. That means, no doubt, the Indians as well as the Thracians, that highly martial, musical, poetical, and also deeply philosophical race which was kindred to the Teutonic stock. “Thracian philosophy” is a well-known expression among the ancients. By the expedition of Alexander the Great to India, ideas and even books were brought from the far East to Greece. In all likelihood the Pythagorean doctrine may partly be fathered upon this contact of the Hellenes with southern Asia. The development of mankind forms a long chain of intellect, some of the links of which may often be hidden, covered over for a time, but which yet exist.

As to Bruno, the Lucretian and Empedoklean vein was strong in him. In his description of the House of Wisdom he shows, in spite of the slight chronological disarrangement of his references, how much he felt this close connection of

philosophical thoughts among nations separated by time and long distance—even including Indians and Thracians. Hindoo literature was not, of course, within reach of Bruno. Yet it has not been inaptly said that he sometimes reminds us of the Bhagavad-Gītā.\* He does so by his ideas, and even often in style. When Krishna says of himself that he is “the savor in waters, the luminous principle in the moon and sun, the sound in the ether, the sweet smell of the earth, the brightness in the flame, the vitality in all beings;” when he exclaims, “Here in my body now behold the whole universe in a collective form, with objects movable and immovable, and whatever else thou wouldst behold,” we seem to have before us passages from the Italian thinker.

Bruno conceived the universe as the great unity, as the eternally one in which matter and force are identical. Ever changing in its forms and phenomena, it always remains harmoniously the one. In minerals, plants, and animals, Bruno recognizes but a varied manifestation of one moving principle which is not outside the worlds, but remains enveloped in their very essence. Not even the mightiest power could create the Infinite with its numberless quantity of forms; nor could we imagine something apart from this living immensity. Matter is the primeval basis of everything—matter from which the operative force contained in it can never be separated. In it the whole reality exists, and the real and the potential are one and the same. In its eternal course, matter pours itself forth, by virtue of its inner vitality, through all parts of the whole, and ever returns to itself.

These definitions of Bruno concerning matter are to be reckoned, according to Moritz Carrière,† among the greatest facts in the history of philosophy. The German writer, though himself rather inclining to theistic notions, is yet as deeply struck with the profoundness of the Italian thinker as Professor Tyndall, when referring to Bruno, in his Belfast address, in these words:—“Matter is not the mere naked, empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things out of her own womb.”

Let us at once acknowledge that even in the mythological systems of ancient

\* H. Brunnhofer: Giordano Bruno’s Weltanschauung. 1882.

† Die philosophische Weltanschauung der Reformationszeit.

nations — of Indians, Thrakians, Greeks, Teutons, and so forth — ideas about primeval matter are to be found not so very dissimilar to those of Bruno. In some of those mythologies, which are but picturesque renderings of cosmogonic ideas, the very gods issue from eternal matter, whilst fate, that is, the causal and inevitable concatenation of things and events, masters them all — the divine circle as well as mankind. Again, when Bruno says: "What first was seed becomes grass, then an ear, then bread, chyle, blood, semen, embryo, man, a corpse, then again earth, stone, or some other mass, and so forth," we are apt to remember an ancient annotation to the Vedas, which says: "The finer part of whey, when shaken, rises and becomes butter. Even so, my child, the finer part of nourishment, when eaten, rises and changes into mind."

Against the Aristotelean view and the Ptolemaic system, Bruno defended the system of Copernicus. He addresses the great astronomer as the most noble one who has recovered the meaning of Pythagoras, of Timæus, of Hegesias, and Niketes. He praises the predecessor of Copernicus, Nicolaus of Cusa, and German mathematicians in general. In upholding the eternal rotation of all heavenly bodies, Bruno argues in a manner not fully scientific; his strength of intuition being, in these as in other subjects, far greater than his learning, though he felt the warmest admiration for specialist explorers. There is great charm, nevertheless, in his poetical diction, when he speaks of endlessly innumerable worlds being contained in the all-encompassing unity, and of every individual part, every fractional monad of the all, forming a reflex of the soul-animated totality. He assumed a world-soul absolutely inseparable from matter; the former constituting the impulsive force of things. The greatest, he averred, is embodied in the smallest; the smallest is a portraiture of the greatest. Everything in existence has, from the beginning, had its inward germ, its preparation, its tendency toward completion. This material infinity of the eternally one cannot possibly have a centre. Neither our globe nor any other astral body can pretend to such a position. The universe is both all centre and all periphery at one and the same time.

## IV.

TAKING his cue from the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, Bruno laid down as the principle of his ethics the striving for greater

beauteousness. In this, again, he comes near to Darwin's principle of natural selection among individuals. Evolutionary maxims are altogether the special characteristic of Bruno's mind. Hence he could not fall in with the ecclesiastical doctrine of a Paradise from which mankind had been driven. At most, he maintains that some races have been happier in their simpler and unsophisticated condition. He launches out bitterly against the devilish works of Spanish would-be civilizers in Peru and Mexico. The descent of the various races of mankind from one pair he denied, whilst holding a firm belief in their capability for greater perfection.

There are some passages in which Bruno's idea of a Godhead approaches the deistic doctrine; but in the main he appears richly imbued with mixed notions of a sublimely spiritualized materialism and of a strongly materialized pantheism. He did not believe in personal immortality, but in the indestructibility of a central monad constituting the essence of man. From this point of view he upheld the theory of the transmigration of souls. That doctrine, strange to say, has been half avowed by Leibnitz in a private letter, and more openly by even so clear and rationalistic a writer as Lessing, in his treatise on the "Education of Mankind." On other planets, Bruno assumed the probable existence of populations of a more highly organized nature. Between men and animals he could only allow a difference of quality as regards mind.

His cheerful southern temperament kept him from all pessimistic moods. Hope and joy were the stamp of his whole being. "He revels," as Moritz Carrière has it, "in the vital abundance of nature; he delights in the creative wealth of the mind, whilst his glowing spirit at the same time plunges into the cool and limpid depth of the one basis of all things." There are some beautiful poetical utterances in "De Immenso," in which Bruno castigates the sour and tyrannous sects that would fain "disfigure the sunniest day with the shadows of hell," and "by their unnatural nonsense stop the even course of the progressive development of mankind, extinguishing the light of intellect." Through such successively triumphant sects of zealots, "nation becomes alienated from nation; children desert their parents; men refuse a greeting to those of different faith; every fanatical wight, intellectually impotent as he is, plays the prophet, if he does not even

pretend to enact the part of omnipotence."

In matters of the State and of political economy, Bruno held reforming opinions. In some sense they might be called socialistic, as opposed to that pseudo-liberty which makes the weak and the disinherited simply the victim of the strong and the rich. At the same time he does not believe in the possibility of doing away with the differences of classes; he protests against a "bestial equality." A warm advocate of the rights of the toiling masses, he shows a noble contempt for mere demagogic, self-seeking flatterers of an ignorant and unstable multitude. "It is a downright proof of a mean and infamous way of thinking to shape one's sentiments and thoughts in accordance with those of the multitude merely because it is the multitude." He himself always preserved a proud and straightforward independence. Even when he went much astray in his theoretical views as to a particular point of our social organization, he spoke out as fearlessly as any classic philosopher of old.

Pure in life, wickedly maligned by his pupil, the wretch Mocenigo, who betrayed him into the hands of the Venetian authorities and the Inquisition, Giordano Bruno is a noble martyr's figure. In person he is described as small of stature, of slight, delicate build; with thin and pallid face, and meditative physiognomy; the glance both eager and melancholy; the hair and the beard between black and chestnut; in his speech ready, rapid, imaginative, and of lively gestures; in manner urbane and gentle. Sociable, amiable, and gladsome in conversation, as is the character of southern Italians, he easily yielded to the habits and tastes of others. Of open frankness among friends and foes, he was as quickly moved to anger as he was far from rancor and revenge.

Deeper investigation, such as is now to be expected after the great Roman commemoration, will probably result in showing that the leaven of Bruno's master-mind has operated more powerfully even than had been hitherto known. This much is already clear, that not upon Spinoza and Leibnitz only has he had a stirring effect, but that in some of Goethe's profoundest poems also are his vestiges strongly traceable. The great German poet himself mentions that his own intellect had been uplifted by the writings of "Jordanus Brunous of Nola." He adds, however, that "it requires almost superhuman efforts to extract the pure gold and silver from the unequal lodes, and that every one

born with a similar bent of mind had better turn to nature itself than fatigue himself among gangues, perhaps among heaps of dross and slag, of bygone centuries." This scarcely does proper justice to Bruno. The truth is that Goethe, who personally felt magnetically attracted towards the secrets of nature, and who in the susurrations of a sea of bulrushes heard the stirring motion of growing worlds, owed to the Italian poet-philosopher more than appears from this passage. Some of the loftiest ideas in "Faust" have their manifest prototype in Bruno. In the same way Goethe's famous —

Was wär' ein Gott, der nur von Aussen stiesse,

Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse?  
Ihm ziemt's, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,  
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen,  
So dass, was in ihm lebt und webt und ist,  
Nie seine Kraft, nie seinen Geist vergisst,

has its almost literal counterpart in Bruno's "Non est Deus vel intelligentia exterior circumrotans et circumducens; dignius enim illi debet esse internum principium motus, quod est natura propria, species propria, anima propria," and so forth. It is within the last few years only that Dr. L. Jacoby, Hermann Brunnhofer, and others, have given the full evidence of this influence of Bruno upon Goethe. Well, therefore, may be said of the Italian poet-philosopher what Goethe makes Faust say, that "the trace of his earthly days will not perish for ages to come."

#### V.

BOTH moderate Church reformers and independent thinkers were subjected to the fiery doom. It has been brought to recollection, during the Bruno commemoration, that another progressive theologian and philosophical thinker, a native of Nola, like himself, Pomponio Algeri, was burnt, at the age of twenty-five, at Rome, in a cauldron of boiling oil, pitch, and turpentine, his head and hands standing out in the midst of the flames, and his torments lasting a quarter of an hour. Few know that in Luther's days, even in Germany — at Köln, at Passau, and at Munich, wherever the Papal power still was strong — Adolph Klarenbach and Peter Flystedt, Leonhard Kaiser and Georg Wagner were burnt at the stake.

To the memory of the two first-named, Luther dedicated a hymn of praise. The martyrdom of Leonhard Kaiser also he sang, by way of alluding to the meaning of his names, as the death of "a strong

and fearless lion, who bore his family name, too, with good right as the first and foremost of his race." But can we compare these with a philosophical genius like Bruno, a knight of intellect of towering greatness, the ardor of whose poetical vein has its counterpart in the mighty grasp of his intuition and the profundity of his reason?

What were his sufferings in the darkness of the dungeon in which the Inquisition kept him? What ferocious attempts were made to bend and break the energy of the highly cultured, unfrocked friar, whose mind was nourished with the love of antiquity? If, as a prisoner, he had a moment of faltering, the answer has been given in the words: "How can you expect that torture, even though applied for hours, should prevail against a whole life of study and inquiry?" Campanella, who after Bruno was kept in prison for twenty-seven years, said of his own sufferings: "The last time I was tortured, it was for forty hours. I was fettered with cords which cut to the very bones; I was hung up with hands tied back, a most sharp piece of wood being used, which cut out large parts of my flesh and produced a vast loss of blood." Perhaps some day, when the archives of the Vatican become fully accessible, we shall learn a little more of Bruno's last years of torment.

On being informed of his doom, he, in the face of a horrible death, heroically said to his inhuman judges: "Perhaps you pronounce your sentence with greater fear than that with which I receive it!" Among those who formed the tribunal was Cardinal Bellarmine, the same who later on forced Galilei to an apparent recantation, and Cardinal Sanseverina, who had called the massacre of the night of St. Bartholomew "a splendid day, most pleasant to Catholics." The sentence against Bruno was, as usual, to be carried out, "without the spilling of blood." In the bandit-language of the Inquisition, as Hermann Brunnhofer expresses it, this signified burning at the stake. Before the victim of priestcraft was sacrificed, his tongue was torn with pincers. But it still speaks to posterity in powerful accents. More and more it is seen that a great deal of that which, in this country, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyell, Lubbock, and others, have by their masterly and successful researches made the common intellectual property of all educated people, had been divined, in some measure, by the prescient genius of Bruno. Unaided by exact sci-

ence, he anticipated in a general way the scientific results of ages to come.

The struggle against obscurantism has still to be carried on. Whilst I am writing this, numerous voices of the ultramontane press come in from abroad which speak in tones of inquisitorial fury of the "Bruno scandal," urging a crusade for the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. Some of these papers go the length of justifying the burning of the Italian thinker by "the necessity of guarding the Church against dangerous heresies." The *Salzburger Chronik* says: "He that will not listen and obey, must be made to feel. In order to save the good, the evil must be annihilated. This doctrine is the very basis of the penal law and of the divine command, which punish murder, and which therefore must all the more punish the murder of souls. This is in accordance with human conscience and with justice."

Bruno himself foresaw an age of enlightenment, a coming century of progress, when the powers of darkness would sink down to the nether world, and the hearts of men be filled with truth and justice. To this prediction refers the proud inscription on his monument: "To Giordano Bruno this memorial has been raised by the century prophesied by him, on the very spot where his pile burnt." It may be open to doubt whether this nineteenth century has fulfilled yet all that which Bruno foretold. But whether Galilei's often-quoted word was spoken or not on the famous occasion when the Papal Church fancied it could stop the rotation of the world by bringing him down on his knees, the truth of his saying, in more than one sense, becomes ever apparent: "*Eppur si muove!*" "And yet it moves!"

KARL BLIND.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
STRANGE FOOD.

THAT what is one man's food is another man's poison is a trite saying, but it conveys volumes. It signifies, if it has any meaning at all, that nearly all the foods used in different parts of the world are harmless — nay, that they are positively nutritious and wholesome, for otherwise how could they be eaten with absolute impunity? The dishes which we Englishmen devour and fancy are alone man's proper food are often an abomination to people of different race and creed, while



the food eaten with gusto in distant lands would frequently fill us only with disgust. Depend upon it, eating and drinking are mere matters of custom, and no rule can be framed absolutely right and none entirely wrong. Man's natural food, what is it after all but that food which chance, or necessity, or fashion places within his reach? One man eats fish, another flesh, a third fowl, and a fourth fruit, and all thrive; not in the same degree, still all thrive, exemplifying the vastness and inexhaustible variety of the food resources which man calls his own. There is hardly a creature that has life which man has not, in one climate or another, or in one age or another, used as food. There are few fruits on which some portion of the human race has not feasted, while many of the hardest, most indigestible, and least palatable of the products of the vegetable world, such as grass, bark, roots, acorns, and I know not what besides, have served him in the hour of need, or have ministered to a more or less depraved appetite.

As far as is known no species of bird is absolutely uneatable, at any rate none is poisonous. Once, when a lad, I stewed a jackdaw, and though the flesh was tough, the gravy was most savory and tempting. Few four-footed animals are uneatable, and it is only among fishes and fruits that we find poisons. My brother once brought me two squirrels which he had shot, and having read that gipsies relished them, we watched our opportunity, and, in the absence of the family, set to work over the dining-room fire and stewed them; and I must confess that, whether it was owing to the share we had had in preparing them, or to the omnivorous nature of boys' appetites, we had no cause to complain that the dish lacked tenderness, flavor, or wholesomeness; but I do not suggest that these charming little rodents should be slaughtered by way of general experiment. Jugged cat I have not eaten, but a clergyman once told me that he and some clerical friends, living in rooms together, were much tormented by the frequent visits of a venerable clerical brother, who would drop in when least wanted, and who was not satisfied unless a rich meal was forthwith prepared for his capacious appetite. One day these young scapegraces obtained a large cat, which the cook most skillfully prepared for the delectation of the old clergyman, who had been duly invited, thus forestalling one of his usual visits. Some excuse was made, and the old fellow, much to his joy, found himself the sole partaker of a large and delicious dish of

hare, and he ate as only the rectorial appetite could eat. Never had he tasted anything so choice; the flavor, the tenderness, the gravy, and the jelly were most tempting. The sequel to the story is not, however, what I could wish. At last, when his appetite had been satisfied, one of his hosts began uttering cries like those of the cat, and after a little time the guest awoke to the startling consciousness that he had demolished a large cat. He was almost at once taken ill, and for some days was in extreme danger. Whether that was due to the character of the meal or to the enormous quantity he had contrived to dispose of was never ascertained. He stoutly maintained the former, and his hosts the latter. However that may be, the experience of the siege of Paris is conclusive that, in moderation, hardly any animal is unwholesome, for not only were horses, dogs, and cats eaten when they could be got, but hippopotami, elephants, and mules. As for rats, the French soldiers in Algeria contrived to earn a welcome addition to their scanty pay, and at the same time they replenished their not too liberal larder, by acting as amateur rat-catcher and rat-eaters both in one. Mr. J. G. Wood tells us that the rat is delicious; he often enjoyed rat pie, and feasted upon the rich gelatinous food which it contains when well made and properly cooked. He reminds us that the rat is a particularly clean animal, and that its flesh is as tender and wholesome as that of the pig, and we know that the latter is so overpoweringly attractive that at one time in primitive ages — so at least Charles Lamb assures us — people did not scruple to burn down a house so that the resident pig, who then I suppose lived with his master, might be roasted to perfection.

As for hedgehogs, and it is said even weasels, stoats, and other odoriferous carnivora, gipsies — that picturesque but not particularly cleanly and most unsavory people — wrap them up in a thick coating of well-puddled clay; then, putting the case in the fire, a slow but thorough process of stewing goes on, and at the right time the mass is withdrawn from the fire, and the clay, or by that time the brick envelope, is removed, the skin, hair, or feathers, as the case may be, adhering to it, and inside there is found a delicious morsel fit for the palate of a king.

In the charming life of Charles Darwin there occurs a very interesting passage. "Another old member of the club tells me that the name — the Gourmet Club — arose because the members were given to

making experiments on 'birds and beasts which were before unknown to the human palate.' He says that hawk and bittern were tried, and that their zeal broke down over an old brown owl, which 'was indescribable.' At any rate the meetings seem to have been successful, and to have ended with a 'game at mild vint-et-un.'

Darwin relates in one of his letters an amusing anecdote of his experiences. "I must tell you what happened to me on the banks of the Cam in my early entomological days. Under a piece of bark I found two *Carabi* (I forget which), and caught one in each hand, when, lo and behold! I saw a sacred *Panagæus crux major*. I could not bear to give up either of my *Carabi*, and to lose *Panagæus* was out of the question, so in despair I gently seized one of the *Carabi* between my teeth, when, to my unspeakable disgust and pain, the little inconsiderate beast squirted his acid down my throat, and I lost both *Carabi* and *Panagæus*."

Some fish, principally inhabitants of tropical seas, will, when eaten, destroy life, and that too at all times. Some other species are only poisonous at certain seasons of the year, and, still more extraordinary, individuals of a certain species are dangerous while others may be eaten with impunity. It is quite impossible to give any explanation of these peculiarities. The health of the fish at the time of its capture, the food of which it has been partaking, or even some idiosyncrasy on the part of the eater may be a factor in the deplorable result. When it comes to vegetable products, however, we can lay our finger on the chemical principle that endangers life or occasions death. Amongst those terrible secrets of nature which we shall probably never clear up, are the purposes which were served in giving strychnine, nicotine, morphine, and atropine properties so deadly that a few grains will forever still the beatings of the most vigorous human heart. Why should an infinitesimal dose of nuxvomica convulse the frame of the strongest man, and bring his existence to an almost startlingly sudden close, but with agony so indescribable, spasms so appalling to witness — how much worse to endure! — that the man who has once seen a case of the kind and then ventures to put down such awful poisons for the destruction of cats, rats, and birds must find an almost diabolical pleasure in causing suffering? Then again, why is prussic acid so speedily fatal to him who takes a few drops of it,

while its aroma is so pleasant? Shall we ever know?

The strangest food a human being could eat is his brother man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once distressingly common, is now confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands and of central Africa. St. Jerome accused the Attcotti, a Scotch clan, of preferring the shepherd to his flock, and possibly, considering the cold-blooded ferocity for which those cruel north-British tribes were long infamous, and the frequent scarcity of animal food in their bleak and inclement country, the charge may be well founded. Some traces of this revolting custom lingered among the Scotch until comparatively recently; at least, if I do them injustice, they must not blame me but one of their countrymen, Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, for having traduced them, for he is responsible for the charge.

The Duke of Argyll, in the exhaustive and most interesting treatise he has lately published, "Scotland as it Was and Is," gives a most curious passage that, besides illustrating the ferocity of the Irish knights of seven hundred years ago, shows that modified cannibalism still lingered among them. "It is not a Protestant, but a Catholic historian," he says, "who gives us the most terrible account of the conduct of Dermot, king of Leinster. We are told that when the men of Ossory had been borne to the ground by a charge of the English cavalry, the fallen were immediately despatched by the natives under the banner of Dermot. A trophy of two hundred heads was erected at the feet of that savage, who testified his joy by clapping his hands, leaping in the air, and pouring out thanksgivings to the Almighty. As he turned over the heap he discovered the head of a former enemy. His hatred was rekindled at the sight, and, seizing it by the ears in a paroxysm of fury, he tore off the nose with his teeth."

To come to foods less horrible than man, whose trials and disappointments are sufficiently severe to exempt his body from often serving as aliment to his fellow-man, — the lion is eaten by some African races, but its flesh is held in small esteem. The Zulus find carrion so much to their liking that, according to the late Bishop Colenso, they apply to food peopled by large colonies of larvæ the expressive word *uborni*, signifying in their uncouth jargon "great happiness." David Livingstone, that keen and accurate observer, reminds us that the aboriginal Austral-

ians and Hottentots prefer the intestines of animals. "It is curious," he says, "that this is the part which animals always begin with, and it is the first choice of our men." On this point I may remind the civilized reader that the woodcock, and the red mullet or sea woodcock, are both eaten and relished without undergoing all the cleansing processes, which most animals used for food among us generally experience, to fit them for the table, so that our aversion to the entrails of animals is not absolute, but only one of degree.

The hippopotamus is a favorite dish with some Africans when they can get this unwieldy and formidable river monster, and when young its flesh is good and palatable, but with advancing years it becomes coarse and unpleasant. The Abyssinians, the amiable people to whom, according to the Italian prime minister, his countrymen propose to teach wisdom and humanity, find the rhinoceros to their taste; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra. Dr. Livingstone describes the elephant's foot as delicious, and his praises will be echoed by many travellers in lands where that sagacious monster still lingers in rapidly decreasing numbers. "We had the foot," wrote the great doctor, "cooked for breakfast next morning, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet like marrow. A long march, to prevent biliousness, is a wise precaution after a meal of elephant's foot. Elephant's tongue and trunk are also good, and after long simmering much resemble the hump of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox, but all the other meat is tough, and from its peculiar flavor only to be eaten by a hungry man."

Among Greenlanders and Eskimo the seal is the chief article of food; it was, indeed, formerly eaten in England, although coarse and oily. The porpoise was once an English dish, and the liver of this beautiful animal is, when fried, still relished by sailors. Another huge sea animal, the walrus, was found to be very palatable by Arctic explorers, and it is largely consumed by the Eskimo. The Japanese, New Zealanders, and western Australians find the whale good eating, and the Eskimo, those enthusiastic consumers of anything and everything oily and nasty, highly approve, as is well known, of blubber, and devour it *ad nauseam*. The narwhal, or sea unicorn, is one of the Greenlanders' dainties, while

the Siberians and the Eskimo live in part on the flesh of the reindeer.

But the foregoing do not exhaust the strange foods of the world. Dogs, cats, horses, lizards, bears, hedgehogs, frogs, otters, skunks, rats, mice, wolves, camels, and indeed almost every creature that runs or flies, are, in some part or another of the globe, in nearly as much favor as venison, pheasant, and sucking pig among us. Surely, however, culinary eccentricity can no further go than in the preparation of that famous German dish, sauerkraut. This delicious food is a vegetable compound, and is thus prepared: The leaves of cabbages, the stalk and midrib being removed as a little too tough for the not very fastidious stomach of the people of the Fatherland, are cut up and placed in a proper receptacle in layers, with abundance of salt between them; the strange mess is next subjected to pressure, and is allowed to stand until it is quite sour from fermentation; then, being fit for food, and as wholesome as it could ever become, it is stewed in its own liquor, and eaten with many deep German ejaculations expressive of the perfect satisfaction of the gourmand. In passing let me point out that, with the exception of the final stewing, the preparation of sauerkraut is closely like that of ensilage, the form in which on every New England farm, and on a very few Old England ones, green food is economically prepared and preserved for the winter consumption of cattle, and as in this way it agrees particularly well with the latter, why should it not also with man?

Coming to our own land, where we don't eat sauerkraut and blubber, birds' nests and puppies, elephant's foot and bison's hump, we shall nevertheless find some strange foods in common use. Not to speak of the intestines of the red mullet and the woodcock, and the red currant jelly added to venison, game, and mutton, not to dwell upon game in a state not unlike that in which the Zulus prefer carrion, the hedgehog, as I have before mentioned, is eaten by the gipsies, who thus imitate the people of Barbary and some of the Spaniards; it is even said that the frog—the *Rana esculenta*—is often eaten in the north of England, while, as we all know, the poor turtle fares no better when the City aldermen get him within their clutches. "Ah, my dear sir," once remarked one of these worthies, "how transitory are all human pleasures!" and then he sighed before continuing, "Did you

ever know a man who after three basins of turtle cared for a fourth?"

We don't eat toads, but negroes do and find them palatable. Sharks and crocodiles are good eating, and in the north of Scotland the small, smooth shark is often eaten and is esteemed a dainty, while the opulent Chinese greatly enjoy the fins of another species of the same formidable fish.

Bees, grubs, white ants, grasshoppers, locusts, spiders, caterpillars, and even the chrysalis of the silkworm, are all eaten; and in the south of Europe during Lent the vineyard snail is in request, and thus the conscience is satisfied and the letter of the law apparently respected, while the dietary is not without a fair supply of stimulating animal food. If rumor does not err, cockchafers delicately preserved in sugar are regarded as delicious sweetmeats in at least one highly civilized European country.

By the way, the reader may be interested to hear how destructive the siege of Paris was to animal life. When every kind of comestible was at famine prices, and when nothing except man that had life was permitted to escape, the Parisians swept the streets and the zoological gardens clean. Twelve hundred dogs disappeared during the siege in a manner unwonted in Paris; one would have expected that a hundred times as many would have found their way to the table, and it is said that their flesh was much relished, quite apart from the condiment which extreme hunger gave the appetite; three thousand cats also went the same way, and made dishes as savory as though unattended by the disastrous consequences which followed the meat on which the old clergyman, mentioned earlier in this article, regaled himself. Two bears vanished in the same fashion, and their flesh was compared to pork; sixty-five thousand horses, pleasantly called by the Parisians "siege venison," furnished a large supply of wholesome food in the terrible winter of 1870-1. Three elephants followed or preceded, I know not which, the horses and cats, and were much commended, and with them went one thousand asses and two thousand mules. The last were said to be delicious, and far more delicate than beef; but let me remind the reader that those famous Bologna sausages which every one has heard so much about are in part made of the flesh of the ass. Three kangaroos were eaten during the siege, and very greatly enjoyed; nor is this astonishing, for in Australia kangaroo-tail

soup is preferred to ox-tail soup, and in my humble judgment is far more palatable. And in the last place the Parisians made short work of a seal, and said it resembled lamb.

I think that I have said enough to prove my assertion, that man eats and enjoys almost everything that has life and which he can lay his hands upon. Now I will say a little as to the amount of food which man contrives to get through. During the Lancashire famine, when food was scarce among the cotton-workers, they were condemned to a diet of such scantiness that there was nothing to tempt the appetite, while it was often only just sufficient to keep the poor creatures alive—in other words, though they could live upon it they could not have done any work, while had they been exposed to severe cold or to dangerous contagious illness they would have perished in vast numbers. The amount of food they received was two pounds to two pounds and a quarter of bread a day. Yet this scanty allowance was luxurious and abundant compared with the rations that on certain occasions men have managed to exist upon for a long time. For instance, in the often-quoted mutiny of the *Bounty*, Captain Bligh and twenty-five of his men were set adrift in boats near the Friendly Islands. From the end of April to the close of May these unhappy people subsisted—they could not be said to live—on a daily allowance of one twenty-fifth of a pound of biscuit apiece, with a quarter of a pint of water, and occasionally a teaspoonful or two of rum; the last, I may remark, modern scientific researches would lead us to regard as doing harm rather than adding to the value of the food. Such a diet as this can only be regarded as one of long-continued starvation, and the marvel is that all did not die; perhaps the warmth of the climate and the inactivity to which their mode of life condemned them saved them, so that there was hardly any bodily waste; these circumstances may have accounted in great measure for their passing through such a perilous ordeal. Probably the most extraordinary instance of prolonged starvation occurred in the memorable march of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson from the shores of the Northern Ocean to Fort Enterprise. Only one hundred and forty miles had to be traversed, but the journey had to be accomplished in a climate demanding absolutely unstinted quantities of food, more particularly of an oily character, and the travellers could



get little except *tripe de roche* to eat. Under these circumstances the worn and wearied wanderers found that a mile a day was as much as their feeble strength could accomplish. One of the party, Michel, a half-breed Iroquis, continued strong and active while his companions were dying around him, but afterwards it was discovered that he had been living on the flesh of the dead, killing when necessity arose one of the emaciated and enfeebled companions of his march.

In his savage condition, man, when he can get food, will eat till nature rebels, and he cannot contain more; indeed, it is one of the most unamiable traits of savages that, while they will cheerfully endure great hardships and privations from which there is no escape, they will, on the other hand, eat to repletion when the opportunity presents. In violent contrast, therefore, to the instances I have given of extreme privation, I shall cite a few of just as remarkable excess. The Hottentots, Bushmen, and savage South African races generally are enormous gluttons. "Ten of them," says Barrow, "ate, in my presence, the whole of an ox all but the hind legs in three days, and the three Bosjesmans that accompanied my wagon devoured a sheep on one occasion in less than twenty-four hours." In cold climates such feats as these would only be trifles, and Parry and Ross have recorded cases that, were they not well attested, would pass belief. Sir Edward Parry once tried the capacity of an Eskimo scarcely full grown, and this interesting young savage contrived in twenty-four hours to devour four pounds four ounces of the raw, hard-frozen flesh of a seahorse, the same quantity of it boiled, one pound twelve ounces of bread and bread dust, a pint and a quarter of rich gravy soup, a tumbler of strong grog, three wineglasses of raw spirit, and nine pints of water. Sir John Ross indeed believed that the daily rations of an Eskimo were twenty pounds of flesh and blubber, but, in extenuation of so enormous a consumption as this, the severity of the climate must be taken into account. Perhaps the most astounding example of inhuman gluttony recorded is that by Captain Cochrane, on the authority of the Russian admiral Saritcheff, who was told that one of the Yakuts had consumed the hind quarter of a large ox in twenty-four hours, together with twenty pounds of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter. As the man had already gorged himself in this disgusting fashion,

it hardly seemed possible that he would be able to consume any more; but the worthy Russian admiral, to test him, gave the savage a thick porridge of rice boiled with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds. The glutton sat down to this abundant banquet, although he had just partaken of breakfast, and, without stirring from the spot or showing any sign of inconvenience, got through the whole. Captain Cochrane adds that a good large calf, weighing two hundred pounds, will just make a meal for four or five Yakuts, and that he has seen three of them consume a whole reindeer at one meal. Not to be too hard on these unsophisticated children of nature, I must say that the feats of English working men on their annual club feast-day, would surpass belief: a leg of mutton has not been found too much for the requirements of one man. The late Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, the father of the illustrious Charles Darwin, had the local reputation of being a glutton, and is reported to have called a goose — a favorite Salop dish — "an inconvenient one, as being too much for one and not enough for two."

To conclude, strange fashions are not confined to our own age or country. Holinshed, the famous and amusing chronicler of the sixteenth century, comments severely upon the manners of the English of his day. He tells us that "in number of dishes and changes of meat the nobility of England (whose cooks are for the most part Frenchmen and foreigners) do most exceed; till there is no day in manner that passeth over their heads, wherein they have not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony, capon, pig, or so many of them as the season yieldeth, but also some portion of the red and fallow deer, beside variety of fish and wild fowl, and thereto sundry other delicacies wherein the sweet hand of the seafaring Portingale is not wanting, so that for a man to dine with one of them and to taste of every dish that standeth before him, is rather to yield unto a conspiracy with a great deal of meat for the speedy suppression of natural health than the use of a necessary meal to satisfy himself with a competent repast to sustain his body withal." Much the same fashion is kept up to this day, and public banquets and the sumptuous tables of the opulent abound in all that can charm the eye and tempt the palate, and, let me add, lay the foundation of long and severe illness. How strange the contrast between this reckless profusion and the simplicity of



some mediæval saint, whose diet was spare and plain to a degree, or of him, greater than any of the prophets, who did his glorious life-work on a sparing allowance of locusts, wild honey, and water!

From Murray's Magazine.  
OLD VENICE.

"VENEZIA ha saputo trovar modo che non uno, non pochi, non molti signoregiano; ma molti buoni, pochi migliori, e insieme un ottimo solo." "Venice has discovered a method of rule which is not that of one, nor of a few, nor yet of many; but under which many good citizens, some few still better, and one best of all, combine to govern the State." This description, which reads like one of those eulogies, once so common on the British Constitution when the component elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy were believed to be equally blended and balanced — was there in truth ever such an age? — was written some three hundred years ago, and not ill expresses the admiration that was for a long time felt for Venice. For generations she was the marvel of her contemporaries; but her constitution has passed away never to return, and to the vast majority of travellers and tourists who pass through her strange waterways, and who, intelligently or unintelligently, as the case may be, admire her stately buildings, it is a closed chapter. They may know something of her pictures or her architecture, but most of her history and almost all knowledge of her constitution have passed into forgetfulness. And yet, with one mighty exception, that constitution has had since the Christian era no European parallel or compeer in efficiency or endurance. In many of its main characteristics the Venetian republic reflected or imitated the earlier Roman commonwealth from which she claimed descent; she gave birth to no great writers or poets like Florence; but she produced a race of statesmen who preserved from age to age her liberties, when every other State in northern Italy lost or surrendered them.

I will not dwell here on the wonderful beauty of that bright emanation of the Adriatic, which even in her decay has all the glamor of romance about her; she has been abundantly described at every hour of the day or night, in all the many moods and aspects which such a child

of ocean wears; I rather propose to say a few words on the political constitution which governed her fortunes for a thousand years.

Historically, perhaps the most remarkable features of that strange city are the coherence and almost unbroken continuity of a polity, which existed through all the strain and trouble of the Middle Ages, amidst the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance, and even the vast changes of the eighteenth century. It is not a hundred years since Venice stood erect not only in all the external magnificence of her material splendor, but in the apparently unshaken strength of her laws and public institutions. In the fifth century some desolate mud-islands in the Adriatic were appropriated by the panic-stricken refugees who fled from Attila and thought that the end of human society was at hand. On those islands the fishermen spread their nets, and the relics of the old Roman civilization found a shelter. From these rough and rude beginnings came a polished and luxurious life; and on those banks and shaking piles in the midst of desolation and sea-waves grew up a people that were destined to have ideas and institutions of no common order. At first these insignificant islands were not worth the trouble of an invader's attack; but before long they became sufficiently powerful and independent to defy the assaults of their enemies. In her early days Venice stood between envious and conflicting powers — the Eastern Empire, with its great traditions and not insignificant strength, the growing but half-barbarous West, and the popes of Rome; her policy at times wavered and inclined from one to the other, but she never surrendered herself to any patron or competitor. Her independence, which the fresh sea-breeze seemed to fan into vigorous and self-conscious life, was her first and constant object. During the ninth and tenth centuries the connection with Constantinople was close, and Eastern wares found a ready market in Venice. The wife of one doge was the daughter of the emperor of Constantinople, and the chroniclers record how the simpler tastes of the young republic were shocked by her perfumed baths, and the golden fork with which she ate her food. In this connection, and in the titular honors bestowed by the Byzantine court upon some of the early doges, some have seen an unquestionable evidence of the subjection of Venice to the East; but if it were so, it was very temporary, and, in the words of

the historian, "the bands of dependance were imperceptibly relaxed by the ambition of Venice and the weakness of Constantinople."

Amid the crimes and ingratitude and selfishness that tarnish Venetian policy there is nothing more remarkable than the persistence and courage with which, in reverses and danger, she clung to her independence and refused to bend to any foreign master. In this she stands absolutely alone. Neither literature nor art, nor the splendor of romance nor the conscious sense of inherited liberties, availed to save the republics of northern Italy. One by one they succumbed to the temptations and the difficulties of the time, and gave themselves up to some despot. Venice alone remained self-governing and independent, unscathed by foreign usurper, unsubdued by emperor, uncajoled by pope, uninfluenced by great baron or mercenary captain, untouched by Eastern or Western powers. Alone, too, she observed a steady and continuous policy where all around her was variable and uncertain. She was ready to make common cause with Europe against the Turk if Europe was really in earnest; but was equally resolved not to quarrel needlessly with a great power conterminous to her own possessions. Around her was a maze of intrigue, treaties of plunder and spoliation, forming, breaking, re-forming, as chance or ambition on the mainland dictated; sometimes she was courted; sometimes, as in the League of Cambray, she was the object of secret and treacherous attack; but her rulers never faltered in courage or wavered in policy. Nor were great dangers wanting. They suffered calamitous reverses by sea; they experienced great defeats on land; they were blockaded by hostile fleets till hope itself well-nigh abandoned them; they experienced even the risks of secret conspiracy and rebellion; but the fabric of the Venetian constitution remained apparently unshaken through every trial—its years counted by centuries, and its visible honors undimmed almost to the very close of its public life. That this was in a great measure due to her insular position is true; but insularity alone neither would nor could have preserved Venice through the long centuries of lawless might and unscrupulous ambition, which tore Europe, and particularly Italy, into pieces. Something else there must have been to give this remarkable vitality; and that something was found in a powerful and efficient constitution based upon the gen-

eral good-will of all classes. During the long period that that constitution lasted, there were moments and opportunities, when, if there had been any rooted or strong hatred of the institutions under which they lived, one or other class of the people might have broken up the exquisitely complicated fabric of Venetian polity. The early days of the republic were doubtless stormy, and doges repeatedly met a violent death in the bloody struggles for power; but when once the constitution was accepted the people never revolutionized it—they never made any serious attempt to do so; and the more that I have read of the much-abused Venetian republic, the more I have been led to the conclusion that, severe and restrictive as its system undoubtedly was, the pressure was less than existed under most other contemporary governments—perhaps not more than is incidental to any government which has the elements of permanence and stability in it.

The tide of popular opinion in these days runs in the opposite direction to that in which Venetian polity flowed. The drift of all government now is popular in the widest sense of the word—the forms under which it is conducted are essentially democratic—the type is on a very large scale. In Venice everything was exactly the reverse of this. In size she bore no similarity to the colossal populations of our day, in name she was a republic, and through a long period of her existence the popular element counted for much, though it was so conjoined with other elements that it was never in a position of command. Even at a comparatively later time, when the constitution assumed a more restricted form and the doge elect was presented to the citizens, there was a recognition of the people's consent in the formula, "This is your doge, if it so pleases you." But in the realities of public administration at home or abroad there was from a comparatively early period no room for the fluctuations of popular indecision; the ship of the State was steered by statesmen who knew no variations of policy, and subordinated every public and private consideration to the general well-being. Such policy may be impossible at the end of the nineteenth century; it may be at variance with modern ideas; and there is probably not a politician now bold enough to compromise his orthodoxy by an approval of a constitution which has been so branded and stigmatized as has that of Venice. Yet for all this, it is impossible, as a matter of history, to

deny that government in Venice was through a period of time—by the side of which our modern Parliamentarism is as the creature of a day—quite as efficient and possibly even as popular as any of the systems of administration which we now see around us.

To visit Venice then—to navigate her narrow canals, where the old palaces seem to grow out of the water; to wander round the Sala del Consiglio, to see the rooms where the Council of Ten decided in secret on affairs of life and death; to breathe the fresh sea-breeze which brought into port the galleys laden with Eastern commerce, or crowned with victory, as on that famous evening when Petrarch saw them glide alongside the quays with laurelled masts and shouting crew and rejoicing people at the glad news of the reduction of Candia—all this not only recalls the varied history of the great capital, with its stirring events in war and peace, but it seems also to call up the political constitution, which made this splendid life possible. Men make the constitutions of States, but the constitutions of States also make the citizens who grow up under them; they react on each other; and Venetian history could never have been written but for the wonderful constitution by which her sons were governed and moulded.

The aristocracy of Venice ruled with absolute power, and that power only ceased in the presence of Napoleon's legions in 1797. Aristocratic rule came early in Venetian history; but it was not at first a jealous or exclusive aristocracy; tastes were simple, all shared in the adventures of a seafaring life, and commerce and war were the education and the inseparable conditions of the governing class. In those days the Great Council was the basis of the constitution; and through it was the approach to all honor and fame. At first it was open to the whole of the citizen nobility of the republic; but a time came when a party in the State usurped and "closed" the Council, and thus became the sole depositaries of all authority. It was the change from a less to a more aristocratic regimen, from the rule of an open aristocracy to that of a comparatively close oligarchy; but, unlike other oligarchies, this one lasted for nearly five hundred years. Under their rule some of the greatest acts of peace and war were achieved; Venice triumphed over her great rival in the West; she became mistress of her possessions on *terra firma*; she fought her heroic way through the desperate siege that threatened her exist-

ence; she preserved her independence and strengthened her position amid the wars which wrecked the liberties of Florence, Milan, and Genoa; she grew in splendor of architecture and gorgeousness of art until she became the wonder of the ruler kingdoms of Europe. That oligarchy was a strange phenomenon to contemporaries, and in the eyes of subsequent generations it has seemed an unlovely creation. It was organized on so intricate a system of checks and counter-checks, and elections and ballots, that to the student it has all the appearance of a Chinese puzzle; but its complexity did not diminish its efficiency. It was secret in its councils, certain in its instruments, unhesitating in its actions. "Shall it be good-morning or good-evening to you, illustrious sir?" said Carmagnola to the doge, when in the early morning he met him and the councillors, who had all night been discussing the affairs of State, and particularly the course to be taken with himself; to whom the prince replied, smiling, "that among the many serious matters which had been talked of in that long discussion, nothing had been oftener mentioned than his—Carmagnola's—name." They had indeed been debating of him, of his arrest and torture and terrible death; but the smiling answer awoke no suspicion in the mind of the great captain, and only veiled the coming tragedy. The secret never transpired; the tongue of the babblers had no part in Venetian policy, and the dark counsels of these stern judges were never betrayed. Even in the days when these tragedies were enacted, and when men were much more familiar than they now are with deeds of blood, such action on the part of the governors of the State—swift, dark, relentless—sent a thrill of terror through the body of the people; measured by the lights and judgments of our age, they naturally seem horrible; and the Council of Ten, the three inquisitors, the lion's mouth, the detestable system of delation, the secret trial, the torture-chamber, and the fatal spot of execution between the two granite columns, conjure up before the minds of most nineteenth-century readers the picture of some devilish organization without a redeeming feature. But this is not an entirely just judgment. The moral sentiments of one generation are not a fair measure of the acts of another and an earlier one; and I confess that, revolting as was much of the State machinery employed by the Venetian rulers, I do not trace in their actions cruelty so much as an inexorable and piti-

less sternness, which subordinated every affection and devoted every energy to the public service — in this resembling those Roman statesmen of older time who, widely differing in individual character, concurred in maintaining a continuous policy for the mistress of the world. So indeed does a great office sometimes exact a great price; and so do the duties of State raise or depress men beyond the ordinary standard of humanity. But, after all, the most remarkable phenomenon in this system of government is — as Plato says of one of the Greek States of his day — not that it should have existed, but that it should have struck its roots so deeply as to last so long.

If reasons for this are to be sought, they may be found partly in the character of the people, but still more in the system of government. In the people, high and low, of every degree, *senatori e barnaboti*, there dwelt an inextinguishable love of national independence; from the earliest times the republic was an object of passionate affection, and nothing is more striking than the personal sacrifices which were ungrudgingly laid on the altar of patriotism, and the patience with which ingratitude and neglect and unmerited wrong were borne when they came in the name and by order of the State. The *Neri* and *Bianchi*, the Guelph and Ghibelline, the rival factions driving each other into exile, which disfigure the Florentine annals, have little or no place in Venetian story. Venice was open to all who were not at enmity with her. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio enjoyed her hospitality; English royalties were welcomed at her pageants; Cardinal Pole, when an exile from England, lived there; Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire and Marquis of Exeter, who aspired to the hand of Queen Mary, died from a chill caught on the Lido when flying his hawks; Sir Philip Sidney, that "president of chivalry and nobleness," was a guest of her senators and merchants. Venice was for a long time the great station for European travellers bound for the East, and at one time there was an inn with the sign of the dragon, kept by John the Englishman, that entertained the pilgrims on their journey. But whilst Florence was seething with faction and civil war, Venice was emphatically a city at unity with herself; and therefore through long ages of public turmoil and violence she was respected, courted, honored, and prosperous.

Thus the national sentiment became, I believe, one of general acquiescence in,

if not of liking for, the existing condition of things; and the constitution was the main cause of it. It was not only that under that constitution there was peace and order at home and a stream of wealth flowing in from foreign commerce, — all of which gave a sense of contentment and security very different from what was to be found in many Italian towns on the mainland, — but that the system of government, by a singular accommodation, lent itself to the wants and desires of the different classes of the community. To the poorer part of the people it secured an amount of order which at least made life tolerable. In many of the northern Italian cities there was constant anarchy; in many such devilish cruelties as those of Ecelino da Romano were not unknown; even in Florence the narrow streets, which were overhung with the palaces and strongholds of rival nobles, became at a moment's notice the scene of deadly fights; the great bell rang out an alarm, and from all quarters the citizens poured forth from shops and houses to take part in the fray — which was perhaps only brought to an end by the temporary annihilation of one faction or the conflagration of a large portion of the town. Life, property, and individual happiness perished in these struggles; but from all this the Venetian populace enjoyed a singular immunity. They had food, raiment, lodging, and as much of the indolent sensuous southern life as they might desire; they had countless holidays and festas, and, from time to time, those State pageants and Church ceremonials which an Italian population loves. Their estate was too lowly to bring them within the reach of the magistrates; the lightnings of the State passed over their heads to smite other and more eminent offenders, and, as a rule, the mysterious Council of Ten had no terror for them. Those most feared that invisible and powerful tribunal who stood nearest to it; the *basso ceto* had no cause for alarm or complaint, for the greatest offence in Venice was the suspicion of unlawfully mingling in politics.

On the other hand, of the two sections into which Venetian society naturally was divided, the young, the gay, the luxurious, and the older or more serious, — to each of these the government, which could wear so stern and terrible a mien on many occasions, could also turn a kindly and lenient countenance. Never perhaps was life more gaily and lightly dreamed away than on moonlit piazza, or amid serenades from gondolas, or in the endless circle of



intrigue and romance, of which so many stories remain to us.

In many ways the system of government was a very paternal one. The sumptuary laws indeed which regulated the table, the dress, and the personal expenditure, were evaded as sumptuary laws generally have been. They were the products of a comparatively later period, and they savored of a less robust and manly legislation. But they existed, and had their influence; and every detail of life, social and personal, was regulated with a strange minuteness. Indirect power, too, in purely domestic matters was conceded to the heads of families, which, if it was in accord with the supposed necessities of a caste, was wholly at variance with any code of ethics that we can recognize. Much indeed that was done or sanctioned cannot be commended on the grounds of a strict morality; but the general effect was, I imagine, to satisfy individuals and to compose private difficulties, which might otherwise have led to public trouble, and to make the pressure of a heavy yoke press less heavily on individuals.

So again was it on the political side. By the change in the constitution at the end of the thirteenth century, when the Grand Council was "closed," the number of families entitled to take part in affairs had been so limited that the staff of administrators was not, I imagine, at all in excess of the public necessities. Thus every one qualified for public work was both required and expected to do it; and the governing class was kept in a condition of constant training, partly by the necessities of the public service and partly by the traditions which came down from father to son. The old saying, "There is noise but no harmony, fighting but no victory, talking but no learning," might be applied to some modern institutions. But in Venice it was the exact opposite—there was no public talking; discussion led to decisive and complete results; and the rulers of the State were always learning. The doge, who has often been made the object of modern compassion—"dux in foro, servus in consilio, captivus in palatio"—had often doubtless a heavy load to bear; but I question if his position was so exceptionally painful as it is commonly represented. Venice, like ancient Athens, imposed heavy burdens on all her sons, which grew heavier in proportion to their eminence, and none were allowed to decline a public trust because it was painful; but

the duties were almost invariably accepted without a murmur; and the acquiescence of all classes in that iron rule is some evidence that it was not exercised with unreasoning injustice or caprice.

But it was, of course, impossible that the stern and inflexible will that characterized for so many generations the action of the State should always remain the same. It had lasted with astonishing constancy through storm and sunshine; and to the very end the external semblance of the ancient fabric remained to casual observers unchanged. More than a thousand years before, the name of Rome had similarly imposed on the barbarian world when her real strength and force had ceased; and so now the ancient form and figure of the Queen of the Sea were hollow and unsubstantial. The virtue had gone out of her. Though veiled by unbridled license of manners and the attractions of a gorgeous pomp, the later years of the great republic were years of political decay and moral dissolution; and, when the appointed hour struck, she was ripe for her fate. She fell after a magnificent existence of more than a thousand years, and fell ingloriously. The last doge, Luigi Manin, hurried the vote which was to put an end to their public life. "Pensiamo, signori," he said, "che non siamo certi di dormire nel nostro letto stasera;" and the independence of Venice was closed by the unworthy provisions of the Treaty of Campo Formio.

There is little to be gained from the study of such scenes in history, and no generous nature will care to watch the long-drawn agony of a great career, whether of individuals or of States. In her decay Venice, like some other parts of the peninsula, lost the nobler and manlier attributes that had formerly won her a place among the nations of the world. So she passed under the heel of the stranger, and submitted to that painful discipline, which only a proud and quick-witted race knows, when compelled to serve a stronger and uncongenial master. But that chapter also in her eventful annals has closed, and a new life has opened in the unification of the peninsula. The desire of Dante was accomplished after the expiration of more than five hundred years, though in a different manner from that of which he dreamed; and all the states and historic towns, by which Italy was divided, have been fused into a single kingdom. Yet in their union a shadow of their ancient state still seems to linger;



and the northern traveller who passes through Genoa, Florence, and Venice with not wholly unintelligent eyes, recognizes in them something more than provincial capitals; for the same sentiment, which by the common consent of conflicting rivals within the memory of our own generation crowned Rome, as the one sole possible head of united Italy, still encircles these great cities with a romance and devotion that no time can or will efface.

CARNARVON.

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From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.  
THE MARRIAGE OF THE CHINESE  
EMPEROR.

FOURTEEN years ago Tsai-chun, emperor of China, lay dead of small-pox in his palace at Peking. He was the only son of his father, the emperor Yi-chu (known to the world best by the title of his reign, Hsien-fêng), who, to avoid the ignominy of capture by the allies in 1860, "went on an autumn hunt" into Manchuria, and died there, some say of chagrin, in the following year. Tsai-chun's mother was not the empress of Hsien-fêng, but one of a numerous zenana, a *fay* or *pin*, who late in her lord's life bore him this one son, and who, by right of her son, was elevated, on his accession, to the rank of junior empress dowager. She and the empress consort of Hsien-fêng became joint guardians of the child emperor, and ruled the country in his name, with the assistance of Prince Kung, his father's younger brother. In 1872 Tsai-chun was married to Aluté, and in January, 1875, he died, childless, in his nineteenth year. By European theories of succession his heir was his eldest uncle. This was Prince Tun, the "fifth prince"—fifth-born son of his father; but he had earlier been adopted as heir to an uncle of his own, and had passed out of the succession. The next uncle was the sixth prince, the celebrated Prince Kung. After him came Prince Chun, the seventh prince, and his little son Tsai-tien. Chinese feeling on the all-important subject of birthright—the right to continue the ancestral worship—holds that the heir to one who has died childless should be his nearest (or, at least, a near) male relative of the next generation. So that, had Chinese sentiment alone prevailed, the successor to the ill-fated emperor should have been a grandson of Prince Kung, or at the least a child of his house in that generation. Prince Kung's son was at the

moment (had, indeed, often been) in disgrace; furthermore Prince Chun was married to the sister of the late emperor's mother. Peking officialdom was not, then, altogether taken by surprise when it was announced on the 13th of January, 1875, that "by a will of the late emperor" Tsai-tien, the two-year-old son of Prince Chun, had succeeded to the great inheritance. The child was carried in the night from his father's *fu* into the imperial palace, where he has since remained, in a seclusion unbroken except by a guarded journey to the eastern tombs or a brief visit to the ruined Wan-shou Shan.

His accession was received without much demur. One member of that remarkable institution the Censorate—which has cultivated a licensed, and in its essence honest, criticism of the throne till it has become a vice—chose to take his own life rather than see the manes of his master left without an heir; for the child Tsai-tien had been adopted not as heir to his cousin and predecessor Tsai-chun, but to his uncle Yi-chu (Hsien-fêng). An attempt was made to constrain the empresses dowager into an agreement that the eldest son of the new emperor Tsai-tien should succeed to the throne as heir to Tsai-chun; but their strong-willed Majesties bluntly declined to submit to dictation on this point. The empire at large accepted their choice with perfect indifference, for personal loyalty can hardly be expected in a country where for decades the sovereign has not shown his face to his people. And so the baby emperor began his reign, the *Kuang Hsü* or "Glorious Continuity," in the leading-strings of his aunt and her sister empress. The latter died in 1881, and since then this other wonderful woman has exercised all but absolute power. That power she has indeed shared of late with the emperor's real father, Prince Chun, though he has taken no nominal share in the government, nor could take. His son, from being his son, has become his nephew and sovereign, and should the prince have audience he must kneel and do homage like any other subject; but nature, even in the affairs of a Chinese court, cannot be altogether denied, and, to avoid such a reversal of the fitting relations between father and child, the father must abstain from open attendance at court. In private he is said often to see his son; indeed, during his late dangerous illness both the young emperor and the empress dowager have frequently visited him. Three years ago a new de-

partment of state was created, an admiralty, and Prince Chun appointed its president. As lord high admiral he visited Tientsin, Chefoo, and Port Arthur, and his return to the capital has been followed by an abandonment of the opposition to railway extension; by the introduction into Peking, indeed into his own palace, of the electric light; and by other hopeful signs of progress. Now, however, it has been decided that his son has attained his majority—he is seventeen or nearly so, and has been on the throne fourteen years—and that the, at any rate nominal, direction of affairs must be placed in the emperor's own hands. Before this is done in its entirety the young sovereign must mark his manhood, as every one of his subjects does, from noble to coolie, by getting married.

Preparations for this important event have long been making. In 1885 each official of the eight banners (Manchus of the conquest) was called upon to furnish a list of his daughters between twelve and eighteen years of age to—surely of all departments the most whimsical!—the Board of Revenue. The maidens would attend at the palace in the following year, and there await inspection and selection by the empress dowager. In what light this enforced tribute is viewed, Western residents, living as they do on the mere fringe of Chinese life, cannot pretend to judge. They rarely come in contact with this phase of an antique civilization (or barbarism if you will), but when they do, if the glamor fades somewhat from the old story of Esther and her rivals, the pathos remains. A staid member of our Consular Service in China (staid even then, though it was twenty years ago) was under orders to proceed from Canton to Tientsin. He had officially made the acquaintance of an officer of the Manchu garrison of Canton, and on calling to take leave was surprised, and not a little embarrassed, by his host's request to escort his daughter to Tientsin, on her way to the inspection that was to furnish a zenana for the then emperor. He had little choice but to comply, and exerted himself at Hongkong and Shanghai in pointing out to his young charge and her duenna the strange foreign sights. He was convinced that her father, in his desire to retain his daughter, had resolved on this desperate project of committing her to the care of a foreign barbarian, the least contact with whom should surely make her ineligible for the companionship of his Sacred Majesty. The girl, however, was among those

chosen, and perhaps in some corner of the palace still relieves the monotonous life of her less travelled fellows by stories of the bravery of Shanghai. Another tale comes from that storehouse of Chinese facts, the *Peking Gazette*. The governor of the province of Kiangsi, on the south bank of the Yangtzu, was a Manchu, and as such obliged to obey the call of the Board of Revenue, and send his daughters to the imperial harem. His embarrassment is better told in the official language of his own memorial to the throne:—

"The memorialist has two daughters, one fifteen years of age and the other fourteen, both of whom he is legally under an obligation to send to the capital, and, as the records will show, he has already sent in a return of their names to the Board and his banner. His original intention was that, in obedience to the limit laid down, they should start for the capital in the tenth month, but it happened that just then his second daughter caught cold and was unable to proceed on the journey. She has now made a gradual recovery under medical treatment, but has not entirely regained her usual health. The memorialist's one son is serving in the Board of War at Peking, and did not accompany him to his post, and with the exception of this son he has no relative or kinsman competent to escort his daughters on so long a journey by boat and cart, with its attendant risks. In a separate memorial, memorialist has solicited an audience, and if his Majesty should be graciously pleased to grant the same, he will forthwith hasten to the palace gate, and will avail himself of the opportunity to bring his daughters with him to be in readiness for selection, though he fears they will arrive somewhat late." To this pathetic appeal (for surely we must read between the lines) the only reply was the cold command, "Let the said governor depute persons to escort his daughters to Peking at once, there to await inspection and selection."

That selection over the maidens chosen remained to the discretion of the empress dowager, who was supposed to decide, after some weeks or months of careful deliberation, which of them was most worthy to be the consort of the Son of Heaven. In the mean while the Board of Astronomy (which would be far better styled the Board of Astrology) was called on to name two or more fortunate days in the coming year for the emperor's marriage. With their aid the empress dowager selected the 26th of February for the

marriage day, and the 4th of December for the day of betrothal. On the 8th of November the fateful election took place, and the Chinese world was informed through the pages of the *Peking Gazette* that their empress had been chosen. The decree of the empress dowager ran: "Since the emperor reverently entered upon the succession to his great patrimony, he has been growing day by day to manhood, and it is right that a person of high character should be selected to be his consort, and to assist him in the duties of the palace, to the end that the high position of empress may be fittingly filled, and the emperor supported in the pursuit of virtue. The choice having fallen upon Yehhónala, the daughter of Deputy-Lieutenant-General Kuei-hsiang, a maiden of virtuous character and becoming and dignified demeanor, we command that she be appointed empress." At the same time two other maidens, sisters, one aged fifteen, the other thirteen, daughters of a vice-president of a Board who died a few years ago in disgrace, were appointed *pin* or imperial handmaids.

The bride-elect immediately left the palace for her father's home. That father, Kuei-hsiang, is, it would appear, a younger brother of the empress dowager, and there can be little question, one would think, that her astute Majesty has determined that, if she must resign the sceptre she has wielded for close on seventeen years, she will still have it in her power to control the young emperor and to benefit her family. It is of course possible that the emperor himself may have seen his cousin, for such she is, and that the marriage may be one of more inclination than can usually be the case in China; but it is far more probable that the emperor, as every well-drilled Chinese youth would do, has left the choice submissively to his aunt and adoptive step-mother. That lady meanwhile has been honored in a way which must by now have grown somewhat stale for her, and exceedingly wearisome to all her secretaries. On the birth of her son she received as her title the four honorific characters, "tender, blessed, dignified, helpful." On her son's accession another pair of epithets was added (the translations are all at best but approximate), "reposeful and serene." When he assumed power on his majority these were increased by two more, "refulgent, contented," and when he married, by a further two, "sedate and serene." Now that her retirement and the present young emperor's marriage have taken place she

has been honored by the final couplet "reverent and long-lived." As in all decrees in which she figures her full style must be given, this wonderful princess is hence forth to be known as "the empress dowager Tz'u-hsi-tuan-yü k'ang-i-chao-yü-chuang-ch'êng-kung-shou." A patent and title will be bestowed in good time on her successor, whose father has been raised to ducal rank.

The election once over the next step was for the Board of Rites to obtain the approval of the empress dowager to a programme of the ceremonies to be observed on the occasion of the imperial marriage. Little latitude was left them. When the Manchus conquered China in 1644, they found in existence a code whereby every conceivable act of the emperor and his government appeared to be prescribed and controlled. This they adapted and issued to the world as "The Collected Institutes of the Great Ch'ing Dynasty," a stupendous work in a hundred volumes, two of which (vols. 24 and 29) are devoted to the choice and establishment of an empress and to an imperial marriage. With this to guide them, the board could hardly have gone wrong, though it seems, from an angry decree of the empress dowager, that they contrived to do so. However, after suffering wholesale degradation (it was merely a question of offering prayers on one day or the next) they fixed at last on a programme which satisfied their exacting mistress. This was published on November 10th, and arranged the order of the various ceremonies thus: (1) sending of presents to the bride; (2) the marriage; (3) joint worship of the ancestral tablets; (4) conferring of a patent on the bride; (5) visit to the empress dowager; (6) reception of congratulations; (7) an imperial banquet. The board at the same time stated that they were causing "a golden patent and golden jewels" to be made for the new empress.

"Solitary man," as he calls himself, the emperor of China is still a man and (questions of origin apart) a Chinaman. Hence his marriage follows in the main the lines of every Chinese marriage. When a Chinaman seeks a bride, or when his parents seek one for him, the first and invariable step is to obtain the services of a go-between. The match being arranged, the next thing is to exchange the eight characters that mark the year, month, day, and hour of birth of bride and bridegroom. The parties are now indissolubly betrothed. When the marriage time comes round, the bridegroom

sends gifts to the bride, and after an interval of hours or days despatches a bridal chair and musicians, in charge of one of his intimate friends, to bring her to his home. When she has arrived there, he and she kneel down before the ancestral tablets, and together worship heaven, earth, and their ancestors, informing them of their union and, as it were, asking their blessing upon it. The next day, or a few days afterwards, the bridegroom takes his bride to do homage to his parents, in whose home, it is perhaps needless to say, he is living and, until their death, will continue to live. The emperor of China, like the meanest of his subjects, has his go-between—the empress dowager, or one of his predecessor's *fyi*. He does not, it would seem, condescend to the interchange of horoscopes, but in other respects his marriage is assimilated to the ordinary Chinese ritual. With one notable exception: the bride is brought into the palace in the dusk, through streets screened and guarded from the vulgar gaze. When the late emperor was wedded, the Tsungli Yamen—the Chinese Foreign Office—sent a circular to all the foreign legations in the capital requesting them to prevent their nationals from intruding on the streets through which the procession would pass. At that time Mr. W. Simpson, the special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, was at Peking, anxious to take notes. Through the kind offices of a resident he was able to secure a fleeting view of the bridal chair and its surroundings from behind the shutter of a loft, and he has since published his impressions in a most readable book, "Meeting the Sun." Those impressions, however, were necessarily limited, and it is to be feared that any similar attempt to view the marriage of the present emperor will have met with even less success. Fortunately for the curious in the details of a Chinese imperial wedding there is in existence a most circumstantial account of the whole ceremonial observed on this occasion. It happened that this marriage was the first celebrated by a reigning emperor of the dynasty since that of K'ang-hsi, in 1674, and whether with a desire to interest his subjects in the event, or to glorify himself, the youthful bridegroom directed the Board of Rites to issue a long and elaborate programme of every detail of the ceremony. A translation of this highly interesting paper was published shortly after the marriage by Miss Lydia Fay, the only foreign lady who, in the

estimation of the Chinese themselves, has ever attained to the dignity of a true sinologue.

Chinese regard for precedent being what it is, there can be little doubt that the ceremonial of the present emperor's wedding has conformed in all essential particulars to that of his predecessor, and that the programme thus translated by Miss Fay gives as true an account of the later as of the earlier event. The first step in the ceremony consists in the sending of the bridal presents. This is done on the day before what may be taken to be the actual marriage, the bringing home of the bride. The wedding presents, besides gifts innumerable from the empress dowager and emperor, comprise of necessity the golden tablet on which is inscribed the consent of her Majesty to the marriage of her adopted stepson to Yehhónala, the bridal gown with veil of pendent pearls, and the silken wedding robes embroidered over with the phoenix—emblem of the bride as the dragon is of her imperial bridegroom. A sceptre and a seal of state form part of the indispensable paraphernalia. When all is ready these are laid out on three richly decorated tables in one of the palace courts. On the centre table is placed the sceptre, on the right the seal, and on the left, in a casket of gold and jewels, the tablet. Surrounding the court is an array of princes and nobles with guards, horses, chariots, banners, musicians, and, if any still survive, elephants. An officer of the Board of Astronomy gives the signal with a loud voice, "The hour of joy dawns," and through a space left open for him, the young emperor passes into the court to view his gifts. He is then led to a pavilion and seated, when the high officers present all do him homage by bowing thrice three times to the ground. A herald announces, "An edict from her Majesty the empress dowager." Then, all kneeling except the emperor, is read aloud the consent of her Majesty to the union of their sovereign with the princess Yehhónala, and the herald proclaims, "The appointed officers in the name of the lord of the dragon throne present to Yehhónala sceptre, tablet, and imperial seal." The music plays, "The Emperor's Triumph." That ceasing, the procession forms. The precious symbols on the table are delivered with all reverence to the master of the ceremonies who places them in the dragon car. The *cortège* defiles through roads levelled and screened to the residence of the bride, preceded by



banners and gonfalons innumerable, and escorted by princes of the blood. They are received at the outer gate by the bride's father, who conducts them to an inner court where tables have been prepared for the imperial gifts. At the entrance to this court all fall back and kneel while the dragon car containing the three symbols moves in. At the same time eunuchs of the palace carry into a further hall the bridal robes and crown. When the sceptre, seal, and tablet have been duly placed in position, the father is ordered to kneel and do homage while he listens to the will of heaven as embodied in the empress's edict. He then retires, and the doors of the hall being flung open, his daughter advances into the court arrayed in her bridal robes and crown of pearls. As she appears a chief of the eunuchs raises in both hands the sceptre, to which she kneels a moment and passes forward. Her attendant ladies do the same, then range themselves on either side. Kneeling again, all hear the edict read and listen to a congratulatory address from the empress. The tablet and seal are solemnly presented to the bride; she bows nine times to the sceptre, and retires into her apartment.

The next day the emperor must rise early and pay homage to his adoptive mother. He awaits her arrival in the throne-room, standing, and when, surrounded by her train of ladies, she has taken her seat, does her reverence by nine prostrations. She and heaven alone receive such worship from him, who exacts or expects it from the rest of the world. Her Majesty having retired, a similar reception is held by the emperor of his nobles, and the empress's consent is read again. The audience ended, comes the chief part of the ceremony, the bringing home of the bride. A gorgeous sedan-chair is borne by sixteen bearers from the palace, escorted by princes on horseback and preceded by banners, canopies, and emblems, quaint and rich, while the band plays, "We come for the Phoenix." The procession reaches the bride's home, and is received as before by her father. Listening again on his knees to the edict of consent he is told that "the will of the emperor is to receive his empress." He is then suffered to retire, and the chair being borne forward into an inner court, the empress-elect in her bridal robes is conducted by her mother and attendant ladies to the chair, where she is closely screened by curtains. The mother withdraws, and the chair is again met by the

father and so brought to his outer gate. The cavalcade re-forms and winds its way back by a different route to the palace. At the Golden Bridge, which no horseman may pass, the procession halts, and the senior prince present, bearing the sceptre, dismounts. "A herald proclaims, 'The phoenix chair is come,' and is answered from the courts within by a burst of music, by ringing of bells, by beating of gongs and drums, by clash of cymbals and blare of trumpets." Borne through court after court, the chair is at last set down in the great throne-hall, the princes who carried the sceptre, seal, and tablet retire, the eunuchs roll back the silken screens, and, as the chair-bearers fall down with veiled faces, attendants lead the bride to her throne. A herald cries, "The auspicious moment dawns, all is prepared for the joyful union." As he speaks, the emperor enters in his dragon-embroidered robes, escorted only by his eunuchs, and there receives, perhaps for the first time beholds, his bride. Wine is poured by the kneeling attendants from flagons of gold into two jewelled wine-cups, in which the imperial pair pledge each other, the bridegroom putting his lips first to his cup and then to that of the bride, and she in turn to his. "This, the real ratification of their marriage vows, is accompanied by bands of music outside, and clouds of incense within, as though sacrifice were being offered to heaven."

There is no place here for the after-ceremonial so charmingly translated by Miss Fay, or for the description which she gives of the wedding gifts. The same pageantry that then welcomed the luckless Aluté has by now welcomed Yehhónala, though the terrible scourge of famine laid on the northern half of the empire by the bursting of the Yellow River may have dimmed its splendor somewhat. Despite the omen, may a better fate befall this youthful bride and bridegroom, and their marriage mark happily the beginning of change; for, whether for good or evil, a change must come, is coming even now, over China and her ancient court.

W. H. WILKINSON.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

EVERY year thousands upon thousands of pious believers in the name of Mohamed desert their homesteads and wend their way, both by land and by sea,



towards the country that saw the birth of their religion and witnessed the miraculous deeds of their arch-prophet. From China, India, and Persia; from every quarter of the Turkish Empire; from Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco; from Zanzibar and Senegal; from Kurdistan and Afghanistan; from the Sudan and the great Sahara, and from many other places whose existence we Europeans are but dimly conscious of, they throng — mostly poor, ignorant, and dirty, but devout and determined in their purpose. They are pilgrims to the holy cities of Arabia, Mecca and Medina, and to reach them they starve themselves for years to save up sufficient money to defray their expenses, and endure horrible privations by the way. They commit themselves to the mercies of the vast and awe-inspiring sea, dreaded by all true Easterns; they risk being robbed by the Bedouins or killed by the heat — and all with an amount of phlegm and good humor that is almost sublime. Whatever happens to them they care not; God will provide for them, and should they die on their way out they will be received all the more readily into the mansions and the arms of the voluptuous hours already provided for each one of them by their much-beloved prophet in the seven-storied paradise of Islam.

Last year (1888) the Great Hadj, or principal day when all the pilgrims have to unite in worship at Mecca, took place on Friday, August 17. It usually occurs about this time, but the exact date varies, and is fixed annually by the religious authorities at Mecca. It is incumbent on all good Moslems to perform this pilgrimage at least once, if they can afford it. Many perform it several times, and some make a business of it, and hire themselves out as substitutes for others; for a pilgrimage by proxy is considered to be as effective as one performed in person, provided that the person in whose behalf it is performed be dead. No one can hire a substitute during his lifetime, but he may leave a provision to that effect in his will. This pilgrimage must not be considered in the light of a penance, after which the hadji is to receive a plenary indulgence for past sins. It is an ordinance of the religion of Islam, of the same nature as our Eucharist, whereby the believer is supposed to be brought into closer communion for the time being with the Deity and his human representative. Of course it is easy enough to declare that one is not able to afford the expense of the un-

dertaking — and many, without the least odium being attached to them, excuse themselves on that plea — for it is expressly ordered that no man unable to pay his own way without being an incumbrance to any one else should attempt it. The necessary expenses vary according to the station of the hadji. A poor man starting from the shores of Persia could perform the whole pilgrimage and get back for about three hundred and fifty rupees, or about 23*l.* 10*s.* of our money — according to the present relative value of the rupee and sovereign at Bushire, the chief seaport of Persia. A person of any consequence would probably spend a thousand rupees; and of course a rich man could, if he liked, spend a much larger sum. Yet not much opportunity for display is allowed. All around Mecca there are certain places, forming a circle round the city, after passing which the pilgrimage begins in earnest. For men no covering is allowed but a couple of white towels or bits of calico sheeting, one fastened round the waist and the other thrown over the shoulder. On women, also, no jewel or ornament of any description is tolerated — robes of snow-white linen constitute their only apparel.

It is a mistake to suppose that women are not considered fit to take part in this important religious duty, or, indeed, in any religious services whatever. There is a prevalent idea amongst us that Moslems do not allow to their women the possession of souls. This is a mistake. It may be to the point to mention that I am writing this in Busrah, on the Euphrates, and that just as I finished writing the last sentence a sheikh of great learning and influence in this place came in, and on asking him the question, he gives me to understand that in the eyes of God women stand on the same footing as regards a future life as men, and that women are allowed to enter a mosque and pray therein; but that it is not customary for them to do so. This summer I accompanied a steamer carrying pilgrims from the Mediterranean and from the Persian Gulf to Jeddah, and amongst them we had quite a large number of women. One middle-aged lady — a person of great importance, for she was one of the wives of a powerful Persian sheikh — I have heard holding forth to quite a crowd of male listeners outside the impromptu tent that shielded her from their view, on the deepest mysteries of the unknowable, with the same surprising assurance, and utter contempt of all logic, as if she had been one of our own fair

countrywomen, and, had just returned from morning service. It may be interesting to know that in Persia if a rich woman marries she retains complete control over all her property; if she dies without issue it returns to her parents, or she may will a part of it to her husband; if she has a child the whole goes to it at her death, whether it be a boy or a girl; if she has two children, one a boy and the other a girl, the boy gets two-thirds, and the girl one-third — the husband is entitled to nothing.

These women are not such complete slaves to their husbands as is generally supposed. A Moorish officer we took to Jeddah from Tangiers had his wife with him. She was his only wife, and, though only eighteen years of age, had been married to him five years, and had had three children, one of whom was dead, and the other two alive and left behind at their home in Fez, whence they came. He had twice before performed the hadj, and each time had been accompanied by his young wife. This time they were taking her mother with them; and indeed the thoughtful and considerate way in which he treated them occasioned me a good deal of surprise. This bigoted Mussulman — looked upon by his European brethren as a jealous tyrant of women, as one utterly incapable of appreciating their higher qualities, and merely using them as means wherewith to gratify his coarse passions — could certainly have shamed many of them in this matter. The ship was lying in the bay about a mile from the city of Tangiers; the sea was running pretty high, and long before they came alongside, both ladies were very sick. Gently he lifted them on board and laid them down in a quiet corner, whilst he rushed about to seek the best place on deck whereon to fix his tent. Then he tore open his packages, and drew out from them carpets and pillows and curtains, and in a short while a well-fitted tent was ready, and into it he carried the two women and laid them down and made them comfortable. There they lay till the next day, as much like two bundles of clothes as anything else, for even their faces and hands were invisible, and I really believe they did not move once, although in a few hours, as soon as we had got through the Straits and entered the Mediterranean, the sea became perfectly calm; and a great deal of their indisposition must have been of that inexplicable nature which would have tried the patience of many a Christian husband considerably. But he busied himself

about and lit a fire, and presently turned out a nice little dinner, and didn't lose his temper a bit because they would have none of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tea, and then some coffee, and left nothing untried in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or anon starting up to get them some water or any other thing they might want. When, the next morning, the ladies had been induced to look over the side of the ship, and had convinced themselves that the sea was as calm as it possibly could be, and that therefore they could not any longer be sick, then did they bestir themselves and do their proper work in attending to the house and doing the cooking. They took great pride in making the tent look clean and neat, and altogether they seemed a very happy couple.

These pilgrims scramble on board with great agility, and with no regard whatever for dignity or decency. A ladder, of course, is always welcome; but if one is not handy, they are quite capable of swarming up ropes, or climbing up the sides. If the women are unable to help themselves, they are handed up like any other bundles. For an hour or two after the decks give one the idea of a pandemonium of yelling demons. Everybody seems to be fighting with everybody else; screams of distress, yells of furious anger, threats and prayers, curses and blessings, succeed each other in bewildering and ludicrous confusion. The gesticulation is startling. Arabs certainly excel Frenchmen in this accomplishment. The disturbance, whilst it lasts, is something awful, and is produced by the search after and identification of baggage and selection of sites for erecting tents or spreading carpets. Women are no less forward in this business than they are in any other, even amongst us. One fat old negress we took up at Tangiers came on board, and instantly took a fancy to a part of the deck which three grave, long-bearded Moors had taken possession of the night before. Furiously she ordered them away, and as at first they seemed too much lost in astonishment to comply with her modest request, she proceeded to give them a practical demonstration of her meaning by preparing to pull up the carpets on which they were sitting. On this they started up and not only let her take the best spot for herself and her husband, who stood by looking on in a half-fright-

ened manner, but also served her submissively in bringing up her boxes and massing them around her, whilst she squatted on her haunches and treated them to her views of things in general.

One Turkish lady came on board at Busrah, with a husband who was stricken with ague. She had herself the appearance of one who in her younger days had possessed considerable beauty; but at present she was most remarkable for her stature and the length of her arms. Until we got up steam and glided down the river she was certainly the most conspicuous figure on the decks; wherever the din was greatest, or the aspect of things most threatening, her black shroud could be plainly distinguished, and her arms, widely sawing the surrounding atmosphere in frantic expostulations or soul-withering imprecations, gave her the appearance of an inspired windmill. Yet under all this she possessed as kind a heart, and a nature as sensitive to the sufferings of others, as any of her decorous and tender sisters of the West, and the attention she lavished on her sickly husband, and the efforts she was continually making to alleviate the discomforts of any one else unwell near her, won for her a general regard. A few days after we arrived at Jeddah, this woman met the captain and myself walking in the bazaar. She stopped us with an exclamation of delight and surprise, and asked us how we were, and when we were going away, and showered blessings down on our heads, all in a breath, when suddenly a donkey passing too near her person, gave her an unexpected push, which considerably disturbed the equilibrium both of her body and her temper. Turning round rapidly, with a sudden and startling change of expression on her face, she administered to the man following the donkey, whose remissness in not calling her attention to the approaching quadruped had been the cause of her discomfort, one of the neatest and most effective back-handed slaps on the nape of his neck I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing, for with a yell of anguish he sprawled incontinently on his stomach, and in that undignified position received the volley of oaths she hurled at him. Not satisfied with this, she suddenly sprang after the donkey, and, with a clever movement of her hands, dislodged the load it was carrying, and sent it off at a lazy trot by means of a well-directed kick; whilst its unfortunate driver sprang up and took to his heels amidst the jeers

and laughter of the onlookers, squatting on their benches in the adjoining cafés. Then with a countenance as composed and unruffled as if this singular performance had been but a dream on my part, she turned to us again and continued the conversation, and gave us the last news of herself and her husband, and told us that that very night they were starting off for Mecca.

Fights are not uncommon when the pilgrims first come on board. This happened to us at a place on the Persian side of the Euphrates called Failyah, when the passengers from this place set upon some others from Bagdad, and then ensued a beautiful scrimmage for a while, until our agent's clerk, who is stout and of a gouty build, and who had been perspiring freely with emotion at the sight, suddenly lost command over himself, and, seizing hold of a tremendous spar that lay close by, charged full tilt into the very midst of them, like another Don Quixote de la Mancha. This proceeding spread such consternation amongst the combatants that incontinently they left off, swore eternal friendship, kissed one another on both cheeks, and proceeded to look after their dead and wounded.

It is oftentimes not undesirable that such quarrels should arise, for if divided by dissensions amongst themselves, they are less likely to give any trouble to the captain and the crew. This is not a matter of small importance, or one to be treated lightly or with scorn. There have been such things as general risings amongst these pilgrims, when the officers and crew have had to defend themselves with their revolvers and such other arms as they possessed, as best they could. Individual cases are not uncommon when on some slight provocation the glittering knife of a fanatic has been buried deep in the flesh of an unbelieving dog of a Nazarene. My own experience does not embrace any such unpleasant occurrences; on the contrary, we were quite friendly. But no one who knows the wild, fanatic, and suspicious nature of these people, and the hatred they bear to the Christian, and the thousand and one little causes of friction between them and the crew daily in operation, can consider such events as very improbable. We had plenty of arms, though we never used them; but our best safeguard, no doubt, was, that in each trip we made with them they belonged to various sects and to various countries. And amongst these semi-barbarous people the principle of distrust

and latent enmity between different clans or tribes obtains to a high degree. It is not long since they were at open war with each other, and the slightest incident serves to rekindle the old feud. The people we took up at Tangiers were composed of two separate parties, one of which was located on the fore half, and the other on the after half, of the upper deck. The Moorish officer I have before mentioned belonged to the latter, and his tent, always kept in perfect order and cleanliness by his busy little wife, had something of a palatial appearance beside the squalor and dirt of the other tenements. The people on the fore-hatch were a particularly dirty lot, and their spleen appears to have been excited by the sight of so much prosperity and order. Especially, it appears, were the women moved to anger; for the ladies of the tent would have nothing to do with them, and they were greatly exasperated by the assumption of such airs, and determined to make it manifest to all the world that they considered themselves equal in every respect to them. So one day, whilst the officer himself was far away leaning over the bows and watching the ship cleaving its way through the blue water, and the innumerable jelly-fish, two or three of the women from the fore half came to the tent on the pretext of a visit, and made themselves obtrusively at home, and presently went so far as to request the loan of certain utensils, such as a teapot, pans, etc., for their own use. On this being refused, they began to be abusive in their language, and then they were pitched out by the mother-in-law and one or two others. The mother-in-law was furious, for one of the women, who had a green veil over her head, had addressed herself to her in particularly dirty and filthy language — indeed, the curses and terms of hatred in common use amongst these people are unequalled as examples of refined obscenity. Although the latter had been bundled off to her own part of the ship, she was not satisfied. She fetched out a bludgeon, evidently manufactured in the first instance for the purpose of manslaughter, with a knob on it as big as a good-sized water-melon. With this, as far as we could gather from her incoherent language, she intended to damage that green veil somewhat. To appease her, or to hold her, was impossible; five women sat on her to no purpose, and finally, as a last resource, she was muffled up in mattresses and carpets, and a couple of heavy boxes put over all to keep her

down, and there she lay venting her passion in hysterical screams. The officer now arrived on the scene of battle, and a discussion took place as to what was to be done. Meanwhile the other women had returned to their people, and, by their lamentations and the description of the treatment they had just received, greatly excited their wrath. One young fellow in particular seemed deeply moved. He spoke not a word, but glared to such good purpose that on the spot he became affected with a permanent squint, and, seizing a big stick, advanced grimly aft. Hardly had he passed the engine-room when he was disarmed, cast down, and had we not rescued him, his life would have been cut short in its early prime. Special measures were then taken to prevent people from either side crossing over; but it was not till some time after that all danger of a general conflagration had disappeared.

There are amongst the Moslems two great divisions, the Sunnites and the Sheites. The Turks are all Sunnites, the Persians all Sheites. They differ in that the latter regard Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of Mohamed, with greater love than they do Mohamed himself. Ali married Fatima, Mohamed's daughter, and by her had two sons, Hassan and Husein. It is said that Mohamed predicted their death; and indeed one day Ali and his two sons, and a large number of friends and adherents, were massacred. The Sheites declared that Mohamed encompassed their death, and to this day the two sects hate each other even more than they do the Christians. The anniversary of this fatal day is celebrated religiously every year amongst the Sheites. They gather in groups around a certain man, who, seated in their midst on some elevated spot, begins the recital in a monotone of the tragedy. Gradually he warms up, he becomes excited, he throws up his hands, he even sobs with anguish as he proceeds and graphically describes the misfortunes of the ill-fated Ali and his two sons. And his audience, with downcast eyes reverently shaded with their hands, follow with all-absorbing interest his words. Presently they begin to sob, and finally to cry aloud with anguish and beat their heads and breasts and tear their hair. The reciter sways his audience with thronging words of passion, with soft whispers of entreaty, with broken ejaculations of agony. Then suddenly his mood changes. What has passed has been a confession of their sin and a confession of the justice of any punishment that might fall on



them. For the Sheites were originally Sunnites and approved of the death of Ali, and it was only later that they became Sheites and seceded from the Sunnites; and by this ceremony they lament over and expiate the sins of their forefathers. And now succeeds earnest prayer with upraised hands to God to receive Ali and his sons into favor and to pardon them in his mercy. Then, when this is finished, narghilehs or hubble-bubbles are handed round, and the whole company enjoy a quiet smoke to calm their excited feelings. In some places knives are made use of, and fearful wounds self-inflicted, and in some cases death has resulted. Last year (1888) the anniversary was on September 10. But with the pilgrims we had this ceremony continually, night and day, until it became a nuisance, and orders were given that after 8 P.M. no more noise should be made. Yet, strange to say, whilst accusing him of this murder and condemning his action, the Sheites do not deny that Mohamed is the true and only prophet of God. With the Sunnites Ali and his sons are of no account.

We were agreeably surprised to find these pilgrims not half so dirty in their habits as we had been led to expect. Even the Persians, who are supposed to be the worst in this respect, were not so bad. With a few exceptions—and we carried several hundreds of them—they came on board with clothes clean and in good order. They were always willing to clear the decks of their belongings, in order to allow of their being washed, though this was necessarily attended with a good deal of trouble and inconvenience to themselves. They washed their hands and faces every time before and after food, and frequently bathed themselves. Some that we brought from Tangiers were filthy and lousy; their only garment consisted of a sort of sack, with one aperture to allow of the passage of the head, and two others for the arms. These cloaks were hideous, and had apparently lasted them for a long time. But they had come from the wilds of the great Sahara, and were little better than savages. One old gentleman from Senegal could speak French with the fluency of a Parisian; he was the blackest negro I have ever seen, with the figure and muscles of a Hercules, and looked a grand sight as he strutted about the decks in a magnificent robe of orange-colored silk and a bright scarlet fez. He was treated with consideration by the others, and apparently was of consequence in his own country. Withal he

was a pleasant-spoken man, and could converse intelligently on general subjects.

These pilgrims do not take long to make the acquaintance of those settled in their immediate vicinity; and thus soon the whole crowd is split up into separate and distinct groups. Each group messes in company, prays in company, reads the Koran in company, smokes in company, and drinks tea in company. These are the principal occupations during the voyage, but most important is the tea-drinking. They are always at it, especially the Persians. They have very good tea, and drink it in small glasses, with lime-juice instead of milk. The Moors flavor their tea with mint. They are most generous in the way of offering to others anything they may themselves be eating; but this is rather a nuisance, for their cooking is not suited to European palates, and one has to be very careful not to offend them in refusing.

I have said before that all around Mecca there are certain points after passing which the pilgrimage begins in earnest. By sea from the north this is at Arába; from the south at Yelúmlum. On reaching these places they put off their ordinary clothes, bathe themselves, shave their heads, and put on snow-white garments, in case of men these consisting of only two towels or bits of calico. The Sheites, on arriving opposite Yelúmlum, whilst the ship stops for the space of five minutes, shout out a sort of doxology, which, as each group has its own time and its own key, is very distressing to those who have any delicacy of aural perception, and are not carried away by the same religious fervor which appears at this moment to have bereft them of their senses. After this ceremony, and until the pilgrimage is over, they are not allowed to wear any other garment, nor shoes, nor head-covering. Sandals they may wear, but with nothing to cover the feet. Whilst at rest they can make use of umbrellas, but whilst progressing towards Mecca they must trust to Allah, and not shield themselves from the sun. Some time ago the question arose whether it was lawful for them to remain under the awnings of the ship which was carrying them towards their destination, which it was said the captains would not allow to be removed; and the religious authorities declared that in such case of necessity their sin would be pardoned to them on the sacrifice of a sheep on their landing at Jeddah. (On hearing this, our captain offered to have the awnings removed, but this they begged



him not to do, as they preferred paying for the sheep to dying from sunstroke. A sheep costs about 7s. 6d. of our money.) Every little transgression they commit during the pilgrimage must be atoned for by the slaughter of a sheep, and these transgressions are numerous, for if a fly settles on them they must not kill it, and if anybody strikes them they must not swear at him. Thousands upon thousands of sheep are sacrificed in this way every year, and the shepherds of Arabia drive a good business, and pray every year that the sins of their brethren may be increased.

Arrived at Jeddah there ensues a scene which, whilst it defies description, is well worth coming all the way to witness. As soon as the ship comes into the middle harbor, forty or fifty dhows or lateen-sailed native boats come swooping around and attempt to secure passengers. But the quarantine flag is still flying at the mast-head, and Turkish men-of-war's boats course round the ship and drive off the dhows with much cursing and swearing. Presently the doctor's boat with its snow-white sail and Turkish flag above it comes rushing along, and as soon as he arrives alongside and sees the papers *pratique* is given. Now is the time for the dhows and the coolies on them. They swarm into the ship like so many demons, never take the trouble to ask anybody any questions, but seize everything they can lay their hands on, and shove it into their boats. The women are tossed overboard like so many bundles, no matter whose wives they may be. Coolies are not soft-

hearted; they pay no more heed to the prayers, protestations, tears, and curses of the pilgrims than if the latter were dogs. Woe to the pilgrim who tries to resist! One man tried to secure his luggage by sitting on it. Three sets of boatmen attacked him. After much struggling, one set walked off with the coverings of his packages, another with the contents, and the third with the pilgrim himself. They mostly secure all their possessions at the custom-house after paying a good deal of "backsheesh."

Jeddah is only forty miles or so from Mecca, and the pilgrims usually start in the evening. Yet the journey is not devoid of danger, for the Bedouins on the way do not hesitate to relieve their co-religionists of their property. An armed guard always accompanies the pilgrims. Nearly everybody in Jeddah goes off. The bazaars, a few days before full of life, now are silent and deserted like the streets of a city of the dead. Many white-clothed and helmeted Europeans are seen about, for during the time of the hadj there are as many as twenty or twenty-five large steamers in the harbor. After going to Mecca for the Great Hadj, such pilgrims as have not come early and visited that city first of all, go off to Medina, a distance of ten days' journey. Many of them die from the heat and the privations to which they are exposed. And woe to the ships that have to carry them back! They are then indeed a sorry and mangy-looking crew, and often bring amongst them cases of infectious disease which play great havoc in the ship after a few days.

**HIDDEN TREASURE IN ALLAHABAD.**—The Allahabad papers received by the last mail describe a curious search for treasure believed to be buried in the Alford Park in that town. It seems that some years before the Mutiny the then prime minister of the king of Delhi resigned his appointment and brought his family and worldly possessions to Allahabad, where he built a large house and an underground chamber to keep his jewels and treasure. This latter is said to have included a lakh of gold mohurs, of the kind now valued at twenty-eight rupees each. Shortly before the Mutiny he died, and, during the disturbance, his family fled, covering up the chamber as best they could. When order was restored a line of barracks was constructed by order of Lord Canning on the site of the village in which the ex-premier's house was built, and the existence of the underground chamber was forgotten by all except some relatives who, on trying to reach it on one occasion, were so

stung by hornets which they had disturbed that it was taken as a sign that it was God's will that the treasure should be reserved for a future generation. In course of time the barracks were also demolished, and the present park laid out. Recently the existence of the treasure was brought to the attention of Captain Hamilton, an old resident of Allahabad, who had helped to prepare the site for the barracks. He obtained as much information as could be got from the existing relatives, and obtained from the collector permission to dig and a police escort. On May 22 about sixty coolies were set to work, and they soon came upon some masonry; but unfortunately a young cobra was unearthed just then, and the men refused to work any more, believing that the treasure was guarded by cobras, and that it was an act of sacrilege to dig for it. The excavations, however, were going on when the mail left.